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COUNTRY LIFE

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MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 9d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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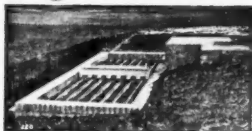
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For further particulars apply Advertisement Department, "Country Life," Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

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1-8-44*

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2294.

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New York U.S.A. Post Office.

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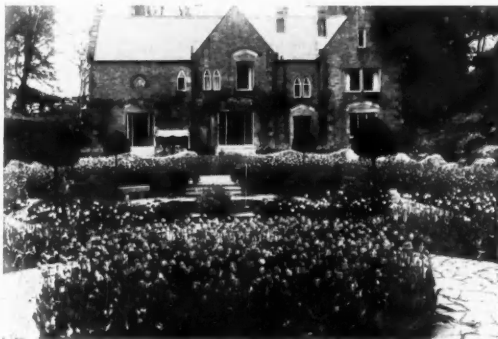
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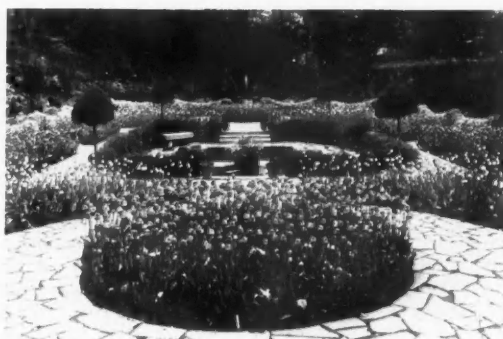
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8 BED (fitted lavatory basins). 4 BATHS.
HALL. 3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
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2 BATHROOMS,
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AN ANCIENT BARN HAS BEEN
CONVERTED INTO A
LARGE GARAGE.
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STUDY.

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£4,500 CHIPPENHAM AND MALMESBURY. STONE-BUILT CHARACTER. 8 BEDROOMS. 2 BATHS. MAIN WATER. GAS AND ELECTRICITY. COTTAGE. FARMERY. 20 ACRES. (20,400.)
£4,000 BERKS DOWNS. "WREN HOUSE." 8 BED. 2 BATHS. MAIN SERVICES. WALLED GARDEN. (12,640.)
£3,800 HERTS—12 MILES OUT. GEORGIAN. 10 BED. 2 BATHS. ALL SERVICES. HARD COURT. NEARLY 3 ACRES. (1,058.)
£6,000 READING—BASINGSTOKE. ELIZABETHAN STYLE. 12 BED 4 BATHS. MAIN SERVICES. GARDENS. PADDOCKS. 30 ACRES. (12,660.)

FARMS FOR SALE, OCCUPATION OR INVESTMENT

BUCKS
Convenient for Tring and Aylesbury.
FIRST CLASS FEEDING AND DAIRY FARM
extending to about
300 ACRES
Partly bounded by running stream.
GOOD HOUSE AND EXCELLENT BUILDINGS.
COWHOUSE FOR 30.
**FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION
PRICE £8,500**

NORTHANTS
COMPACT SMALL AGRICULTURAL ESTATE
2 FARMHOUSES. SETS OF BUILDINGS.
4 COTTAGES. LOW OUTGOINGS.
625 ACRES
A SOUND INVESTMENT.
OXFORDSHIRE
SPLENDID COTSWOLD FARM
ABOUT 400 ACRES
FIRST CLASS FARMHOUSE AND COMMODIOUS BUILDINGS. 5 COTTAGES.
ATTRACTIVE 4% INVESTMENT.

DERBY — STAFFS BORDERS
Famous Dove Dale Country.
VALUABLE ACCREDITED DAIRY FARM
ABOUT 447 ACRES
EXCEPTIONAL HOUSE AND AMPLE BUILDINGS.
ACCREDITED COWHOUSE FOR 50.
**FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION
MARCH, 1941**

Full particulars of the above properties can be obtained from Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

Telephone No.
Regent 4304.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1.

SALOP—CHESHIRE BORDERS

BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM

Long stretch of Trout Fishing



The Residence stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect, and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.

Cottages. Stabling.

Splendid range of Farmbuildings.

Attractive pleasure gardens, parklands, rich, well-watered pastures; in all about

240 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

ADJOINING A SURREY COMMON

In a high healthy position on sandy soil.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

with 3 Reception, 7 Bedrooms, 2 Bathrooms.
All Main Services. Central Heating.
Delightful gardens and grounds with some
Woodland intercepted by a stream.

ABOUT 3½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2192.)

UNDER 20 MILES N.E. OF TOWN.

Particularly suited to Business Houses seeking premises for evacuation.

In beautiful unspoiled country.

AN UP-TO-DATE RESIDENCE

with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Electric light. Main water. Telephone.
Lodge. Ample Garage Accommodation.
Well-timbered gardens inexpensive to maintain, hard
and grass tennis courts, orchard, paddock, etc.

ABOUT 6½ ACRES

Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents,
OSBORN & MERCER. (12,592.)

WILTS

Within short distance of Marlborough and the
beautiful Savernake Forest.

A Charming Old Period House of great architectural and historical interest



Delightfully placed in centuries-old gardens, it
contains 12 bedrooms, 4 reception, 3 bathrooms, etc.

Company's electricity. Central heating, etc.

5 picturesque Cottages. Farmbuildings.

Pasture, woodland, miniature lakes, etc.; in all

NEARLY 50 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,001.)



29, Fleet Street, FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO. 26, Dover Street,

(Central 9344) E.C.4 AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS (Regent 5681) W.1

Telegraphic Address: FAREBROTHER, LONDON.



NEAR DORKING

Dating from the 16th Century.
600ft. up in beautiful country.

3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms,
2 bath rooms.

Company's water. Private electric lighting.
Septic tank drainage.

Small Farmery. 2 Bungalows.

OVER 90 ACRES. FOR SALE

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover
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BETWEEN USK AND MONMOUTH



AN ORIGINAL STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN HOUSE

Approached by a long drive with Entrance Lodge and
enjoying panoramic views. 3 or 4 reception rooms,
7 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms. Electric light, ample
gravity water, swimming pool. Garages, Kennels.

28 ACRES ONLY £3,500

or including 2 Farms and Woodland.

253 ACRES £8,500

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

26, Dover Street, W.1. (Fo. 13,062.)

SOUTH DEVON

With 1½ miles Fishing.

STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN HOUSE

in complete seclusion.

3 reception and billiards room, 12 bed and dressing
rooms, 3 bath rooms.

Modern conveniences.

3 Cottages. Garages. Stabling. Farmery.

ABOUT 60 ACRES. FOR SALE

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover
Street, W.1.

WEST SUSSEX DOWNS

Near Petersfield and the Hampshire Border.
RED-BRICK GABLED RESIDENCE

in a lovely setting.

Lounge, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms,
bath room.

Main electric light and power. Modern drainage.

ABOUT 5 ACRES. £6,000 FREEHOLD

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover
Street, W.1.

NORTH WALES

(On the Cheshire Borders).

Easy reach Liverpool and Manchester.

WELL-FITTED HOME

in picturesque grounds, containing 3 reception rooms,
8 bedrooms, bath room.

Companies' Services. Garage. Stabling.

8 ACRES. £4,950

(Would sell with only 3 acres.)

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover
Street, W.1.

MID-SOMERSET

Stone-built RESIDENCE in a favoured district
Hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms,
2 bath rooms.

Main Water. Electric Light. Modern Drainage.

Cottage. Stabling. Garage.

GARDENS AND PASTURELAND

10 ACRES ONLY £3,250 FREEHOLD

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover
Street, W.1.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

CHARMING QUEEN ANNE
CHARACTER HOUSE

3 or 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath room.

GARAGES. STABLING.

Main electric light and power.

ABOUT 7 ACRES. ONLY £3,800

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover
Street, W.1.

OXFORDSHIRE

400 ACRES, WITH POSSESSION

STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

with 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bath room.
Companies' electric light and water. Ample Farm-
buildings. 4 Cottages.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover
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Leading Agents for SALOP, HEREFORD, WORCS.,
CHESHIRE, WALES, Etc.

of SHREWSBURY ('Phone 2061, or 3563 out of office hours)
(Formerly branch of CONSTABLE & MAUDE, of London, W.1.)

2½ MILES FROM SHREWSBURY

A ROOMY COUNTRY RESIDENCE

In secluded position, facing south.

Hall, 3 good reception, 10 bed, 2 bath; main elec-
tricity, central heating, excellent water.

COTTAGE, GARAGES and BUILDINGS.
WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS; productive walled
garden, hard tennis court.

7 ACRES

PRICE £3,750, or offer

Vacant possession March 25th, 1941.

Sole Agents, CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON,
42, Castle Street, Shrewsbury. ('Phone 2061, or 3563
out of office hours.)

By Order of Mrs. R. Stewart-Browne.

BRYN-Y-GROG HALL

Near WREXHAM

DENBIGHSHIRE (near Shropshire border).

A FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE

In a small Park.

Hall, 3 very good reception, 3 bath, 11 bedrooms.
Main electricity.

COTTAGE. GARAGES, Etc.

In all 34 ACRES

FOR SALE WITH EARLY POSSESSION.

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W. MERIONETHSHIRE

A lovely Estate of between 700 & 800 Acres.

In a romantically beautiful wooded and mountain setting,
yet 3 miles good town and 1 mile station.

LAVISHLY EQUIPPED COMPACT RESIDENCE,
large Hall, 4 reception rooms and 11 bed and 3

bathrooms; on one floor.

Electric light and power, central heating, abundant water.

GARAGES, STABLING and COTTAGES.

PICTURESQUE NATURAL PLEASURE GROUNDS

with swift-running stream; 200 acres of valuable
mixed woodland, 2 sheep farms. Fishing and shooting
on Estate.

PRICE £17,000 FREEHOLD

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GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

Telephone No.:
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

WEST SUSSEX

Beautiful country near Downs.



THIS ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, on site of an old manor house, 15 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 beautifully appointed reception rooms. Electric light; central heating; good water supply. The doors, panelling, chimney-pieces, etc., are almost entirely of polished maple and veneered. Stabling; garage; lodge; 2 Cottages. Heavily timbered Grounds, lake, hard and grass tennis courts, etc. Home Farm and Buildings; in all **162 ACRES**. The Farm is let at £190 p.a. and the House occupied for duration of war at a rental of £400 p.a. Full particulars of **GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS**, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.2272.)

Fresh in the Market.

£7,000. MIDLANDS

Handy for Station with admirable express rail services yet amidst unspoiled rural surroundings.



9 bed (h. & c. basins in most), 2 bath and 4 reception rooms. Co.'s Services. Central Heating. GARAGES for 3. STABLING. LODGE. Matured Grounds with Hard Court and 2 useful Paddocks. Full particulars from **GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS**, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

Quite fresh in the Market.

HAMPSHIRE

In a very secluded and quiet position in well-timbered country.



FOR SALE
A HOUSE OF DISTINCT CHARACTER standing in about **20 ACRES** and containing 12 bed and dressing (h. and c. basins), 3 bath and 4 reception rooms, etc. Co.'s services. STABLING. GARAGE AND FLAT. **Low Price for Quick Sale.** Owner's Agents: **GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS**, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

MORE RECENT APPLICATIONS TO BUY RECEIVED BY GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

BETWEEN LONDON, WORCESTER AND BIRMINGHAM.—CHARACTER HOUSE with 12 bedrooms, etc., and about 100 Acres. Replies to "P.E.R." (1,536.)

IN THE WALLINGFORD AREA.—A well-appointed HOUSE with 8-10 bedrooms, etc., 20-50 Acres if possible. Cottage or Lodge great asset. Replies to "G.H.S." (C.80.)

HERTS.—On high ground and near Berkhamsted liked. A HOUSE with 7 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms, etc.; quiet and secluded garden; no land. Replies to "Miss M." (C.79.)

HERTS, BUCKS OR BEDS for choice. A HOUSE of some character with 6 or more bedrooms; matured grounds and several paddocks. Replies to "C.L.D." (B.791.)

BETWEEN LEITH HILL AND GODALMING for choice. A really outstanding but quite small place, 7 bedrooms and 5 Acres as minimum, but somewhat larger all round preferred. Replies to "E.C.K." (1,537.)

NEAR NEWBURY OR ANDOVER.—A HOUSE with 7-9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms (liked) and 3 or 4 ACRES. Co.'s services if possible. Replies to "A.C.B." (C.81.)

TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.
'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

£30 MONTHLY. 3 months minimum. Offer for duration

HANTS (BETWEEN PETERSFIELD AND SOUTHSEA).—MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSE; lounge hall, 3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 6 bedrooms (4 double).
H. and c. w.c. in water and electric light.
Central heating. H. and C. throughout. Telephone.
GARAGE FOR 3. STABLES.
2 ACRES WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS.
HARD TENNIS COURT
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,021.)

YORKS, centre of beautiful SWALESDALE
650ft. up, yet sheltered; marvellous views.
ATTRACTIVE STONE RESIDENCE
3 RECEPTION. BATHROOM. 8 BEDROOMS.
Main electricity and drainage. Telephone.
Garage. Outbuildings.
NICELY TIMBERED GROUNDS.
Large kitchen garden and rough grassland.
BARGAIN AT £1,250
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,592.)

DORSET £3,300
5 miles Dorchester. Hunting. Golf.
10 BED AND DRESSING. 3 BATH. 3 RECEPTION.
Esse cooker. Electric light.
2 GARAGES. STABLE.
GOOD GARDENS. TENNIS. FIELD.
10 ACRES
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,300.)

WANTED URGENTLY
WEST OR NORTH OF LONDON
IN RELATIVELY SAFE AREA.
COUNTRY HOUSE
20/30 rooms, for College.
TO RENT FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED. MIGHT BUY.
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone:
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)

ON THE BORDERS OF NORTHANTS AND WARWICKSHIRE
FOR SALE AS AN INVESTMENT
AN EXCELLENT FARM
within easy reach of important centre, and Farm-house with 8 rooms, etc.
GOOD OUTBUILDINGS. 2 CAPITAL COTTAGES.
LAND COMPRISES 180 ACRES
(MAINLY PASTURE).
Apply **CONSTABLE & MAUDE**, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

DORSET
NEAR SHERBORNE.
DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT HOUSE
Approached by long drive.
12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.
Stabling. Garage. Lodge.
Central heating. Constant hot water. Main water.
Own electric light. Septic tank drainage.
Beautifully-timbered gardens and paddock.
ABOUT 7 ACRES
FOR SALE or TO BE LET FURNISHED
Agents: **CONSTABLE & MAUDE**, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WILTS. ON THE BORDERS OF HANTS
EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE
2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Every convenience and comfort.
Garage. Stabling. 2 lodges.
Lovely gardens and park
ABOUT 84 ACRES
FREEHOLD FOR SALE
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

CHILTERN HILLS
500ft. up, easily accessible to London and designed by Mr. P. Morley Horder.
AN EXCELLENT MODERN HOUSE
Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms (5 basins), 2 bathrooms.
All main services. Central heating.
Garage.
Delightful Gardens with Tennis Court and Orchard.
2 ACRES PRICE £5,000
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

SUITABLE FOR OFFICE OR RESIDENTIAL PURPOSES
SUSSEX
WITHIN DAILY REACH.
Attractive Modern TUDOR HOUSE
14 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.
Central heating. Main services.
Attractive Gardens.
ABOUT 5 ACRES
TO BE LET UNFURNISHED
Agents: **CONSTABLE & MAUDE**, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

CAPITAL FARM INVESTMENT IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE
FARM OF 200 ACRES
in a ring fence.
STONE-BUILT FARMHOUSE
with 5-8 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms.
Modern Farm Buildings.
LET ON AN ANNUAL TENANCY.
TO BE SOLD
Agents: **CONSTABLE & MAUDE**, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones:
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines.)
ESTABLISHED 1875.

SURREY

3 MILES FROM DORKING NORTH STATION. 5 MINUTES' WALK FROM A CHARMING VILLAGE.

DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

Brick, partly rough cast with cavity walls and tiled roof. Beautifully situated, 300ft. above sea level and approached along a drive about 200 yards from the road. Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, cloakroom, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central Heating. Gas and Cooker. Main water and drainage. Telephone.

Garage for 2 cars.

Matured and completed Grounds with elegant trees and shrubs, appropriately arranged in proportion to

the surrounding countryside. Excellent grass tennis court. Thatched tea house; attractive lily pool; large kitchen garden. Loam and sand.

IN ALL ABOUT 5½ ACRES.

For Sale Freehold at a Reduced Price.

(Early Possession.)

GOLF COURSES AT DORKING AND BETCHWORTH.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (Tel.: Grosvenor 3131.)

STAFFORDSHIRE (Stoke-on-Trent district and within half-an-hour's drive of Dove Dale). Artistic MODERN RESIDENCE, strongly built, with cement cream-coloured surface and slated roof. 3 large reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, expensively fitted bathroom. Electricity and heating. 2 Garages. Beautifully arranged Garden. Tennis court and lawn. South aspect and open views. TO LET FURNISHED or FOR SALE with or without 5 Acres of grounds.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,477A.)

WARWICKSHIRE (Banbury about 12 miles).—Mellow QUEEN ANNE HOUSE on high ground and near village. 4 reception rooms (domestic apartments in separate wing), 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light and central heating. Garages and hunting stables. 2 cottages. Well timbered grounds and tennis court.

To LET. Unfurnished, on long Lease, or for Sale.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,038.)

DEVONSHIRE (½ mile from the River Exe and in a picturesque old village). RESIDENCE of Queen Anne type. 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. Electricity from grid. Part central heating. Studio. 2 garages and stabling. Tennis court; walled kitchen garden; small orchard; in all about 1 acre.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £1,850, OR FOR 3 YEARS OR MORE £100 PER ANNUM.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,488.)

DORSETSHIRE

WITHIN 1 MILE OF VILLAGE AND 2 MILES OF THE STATION.

A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE

IN BEAUTIFUL PARK-LIKE GROUNDS.

Approached by a long carriage drive.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS, EXCELLENT OFFICES,

4 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS,

2 SERVANTS' BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS,

H. and C. water supplies to bedrooms and cloakroom.

Ample water supply. Central heating.

Electric light. Telephone.

2 LARGE GARAGES. 4 GOOD LOOSE BOXES.

SECLUDED GROUNDS, including a squash court;

in all about 20 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REASON-

ABLE PRICE

Recommended: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,321.)

SOMERSETSHIRE

Yearly 7 miles.

STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

with old mullion windows, standing in finely timbered grounds.

4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' sitting room and domestic offices.

Electric light. Main water.

EXTENSIVE GARAGE AND STABLING.

Gardener's cottage and outbuildings.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

interspersed with matured specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES.

GOLF.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REDUCED

PRICE

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

A HOME OF UNIQUE CHARACTER

34 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.

BORDERS OF BEDS, HERTS AND BUCKS



A MEDIEVAL ATMOSPHERE WAS IMPARTED DESIGNEDLY TO THIS ELIZABETHAN STYLE HOUSE

reconstructed 10 years ago upon a site of much historical interest.

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED IN A MINIATURE PARK WITH A LONG DRIVE APPROACH, AND MELLOWED OF APPEARANCE, IT IS RICH IN ABSORBING FEATURES, INCLUDING AN OAK-PANELLED BANQUETING HALL 40ft. by 20ft., with 2 GALLERIES, HIGH RAFTERED CEILING, A BEAUTIFUL OAK STAIRCASE AND ONE OF THE FINEST STONE MULLIONED AND STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN THE COUNTY.

The rest of the accommodation is of desirable dimensions, comprising oak-panelled dining room, library, 7 bedrooms and 3 bathrooms. There is a cottage-annexe with 2 rooms and bathroom. Electric light, central heating throughout, running water in all principal bedrooms.

LARGE GARAGE.

STABLING.

GLORIOUS OLD GARDENS with LAKE, ISLANDS, ANCIENT MOAT, STREAMS and WATERFALLS.

REMAINS OF A SAXON BUILDING. 3 large paddocks, also 10 ACRES OF LOVELY WOODS with grass avenues cut through to make intriguing vistas.

It is impossible adequately to describe on paper the enchanting character of this Property, which with

23 ACRES IS FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT £6,500

THIS LOW PRICE WILL QUICKLY ATTRACT A BUYER.

Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) (Tel. Regent 2481.)

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Telephone:
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines.)

1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON



XVth CENTURY REPLICA

10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms,
Squash court, Stabling, Garages, Cottage.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

Woods and pastures.

FOR SALE WITH 60 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & CO., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

In lovely unspoiled country. NEAR GUILDFORD



BEAUTIFUL OLD MANOR

Modernised and in perfect order.

11 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception.

Electric light, central heating, etc.

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

Agents: WILSON & CO., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

BEAUTIFUL QUEEN ANNE HOUSE



Set within Old-World Gardens and Miniature Park of
10 ACRES, within easy reach of London, in rural Sussex.
13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge and 4 reception.

Garage, Stabling, Cottages.

FOR SALE OR TO LET FURNISHED

Agents: WILSON & CO., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

YORKSHIRE. HIGH UP WITH SUPERB VIEWS. EASY REACH OF YORK



Beautifully Appointed STONE-BUILT HOUSE

in splendid order. Up-to-date in
every respect.

Electricity, Radiators throughout.

Wash basins (h. & c.) to bedrooms.

4 charming reception rooms, 12

bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths.

Stabling, Garages, Cottage.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.

Woodland and Paddocks.

16 ACRES. FOR SALE.

MIGHT BE LET FURNISHED.

Sole Agents: WILSON & CO.,

14, Mount Street, London, W.1.

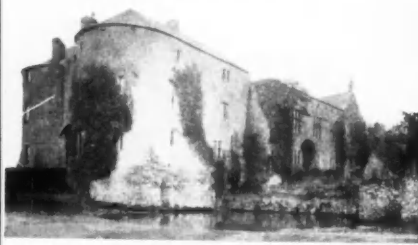
Personally inspected and recom-

mended.



TO LET ST. BRIAVELS CASTLE (GLOS.)

Safe area. In seclusion of Wyke Valley.



SMALL MEDIAEVAL CASTLE. 1½ Acres.—
Inexpensive upkeep, comprises front hall, dining
room, drawing room, chapel (or courtroom), smoking room,
dungeon, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc., and usual domestic
quarters. Water, drainage and electric light.

For further particulars apply to

Messrs. J. CARTER JONAS & SONS,
11, King Edward Street, OXFORD.

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED

**THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE
BLIND**, 224, Great Portland Street, W.1, requires a
FURNISHED HOUSE with 8-15 bedrooms for carrying on
its production of Braille Books. House must be on
Electric Main A.C., and within 100 miles of London.

LAND, ESTATES AND OTHER PROPERTIES WANTED

WANTED TO PURCHASE, a gentleman's HOUSE,
with fishing, in Devonshire. A medium-sized house
with some land. About 8-10 bedrooms, 3-4 reception rooms,
and from 100-200 Acres. First-class fishing required. A good
price would be paid.—Particulars to Messrs. NICHOLAS,
4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

**THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE
BLIND**, 224, Great Portland Street, W.1, desires to
RENT a HOUSE in a quiet situation. Furnished or Un-
furnished, with not less than 10 bedrooms, as a HOUSE OF
REST AND RECOVERY for blind sufferers from Air Raids.

MARTEN & CARNABY, F.A.I. (of LONDON)

Temporary Office: 23, CHURCH STREET, REIGATE
ESTABLISHED 1899. Telephone: REIGATE 3361-2.

BUSINESS EVACUATION or as PRIVATE RESIDENCE.



SURREY (28 miles London; 1 mile main line
station; 2½ miles market town; bus service: in one
of England's beauty spots).—An imposing RESIDENCE
just off main road. Well wooded grounds, 11 acres, 9-hole
golf; 14 bed, 4 bath, lounge, billiard and drawing rooms
(each average 30ft. by 20ft.), dining room, library, sun
room, conservatory, large storage space; large safe;
excellent modern domestic quarters; garage 5 cars, 4
horse boxes, 2 cottages. For Sale only. Sole Agents.

A XVIIIth-CENTURY GEM WITH 58 ACRES.



SURREY-SUSSEX BORDERS.—Charming
small period FARMHOUSE-RESIDENCE; 4 bed,
dressing, 2 bath, lounge 28ft. by 20ft., inglenook, morning
room; wealth of oak beams; Horsham stone roof;
cottage, 2 barns and other buildings.

COST £10,000.

TAKE £6,500 FREEHOLD.

BARGAIN AT £1,250.

YORKS

CENTRE OF BEAUTIFUL SWALEDALE.
650ft. up, yet sheltered. Marvellous views.

ATTRACTIVE STONE RESIDENCE.

3 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bedrooms.
Main electricity and drainage. Telephone.

Garage. Outbuildings.

NICELY TIMBERED GROUNDS, LARGE KITCHEN
GARDEN, AND 7 ACRES PASTURE.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20.50)

HAMPSHIRE & SOUTHERN COUNTIES

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COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1941

Vol LXXXIX. No. 2294.



Fayer

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MRS. JOHN WARD WITH HER CHILDREN

Mrs. John Ward is the elder daughter of Mr. G. R. J. Corbett, D.S.O., and was married in 1934 to Captain E. J. S. Ward, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Major the Hon. Sir John Ward, K.C.V.O., and the Hon. Lady Ward, C.B.E. Her little daughter Elizabeth is five and her son Gerald two and a half

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 571 p. xvii.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: ISLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2d.

"THE FURROW IS OUR FIRST LINE TRENCH"

THIS, if not in these exact words, was the war-cry that the Prime Minister gave to the farmers not so very many weeks ago. It is not belied by the experience of 1940. The year just past has seen a really remarkable fusion of agricultural strategy and tactics; terms which those who have never had to deal with such matters are apt to confuse. But if we suppose that the Ministry of Agriculture contains the High Command, the strategists in a position to impose alternative plans of campaign, it must have been painfully obvious for many years past that the brigadiers and colonels and company and platoon commanders who had to look after the troops and technical equipment and terrain, held tactical views which were in no way related to any general scheme of warfare. As the certainty of the transference of agriculture to war-time conditions became plainer year by year, it became equally plain that, despite the "traditional independence of the British farmer," such a lack of cohesion would not do. The best use of every acre of farmable land in Great Britain was what the nation required. What was that best use must be decided by a War Cabinet, in which the Minister of Agriculture had an equal voice with those of the other Great Defence Departments. A General Staff, of which the Ministry was the Headquarters, must guide the use of every farmer, every man, every horse, every plough and every tractor, in fulfilling the tasks assigned to them. The farmers and their men must do their damndest in the trenches.

This being the scheme, how far have we got? Taking first things first, we need have no doubt of the trenches. The figures of increases in arable acreage leave that in no doubt. Not only has a vast area of grassland, readily convertible to arable, already been ploughed up, but a large amount of derelict land has been reclaimed for agricultural uses. We need not go into figures which we have so often given. Next, what about the General Staff, the field officers? Until the end of 1939 there was in existence no staff of field officers throughout the country with powers to guide, and, if necessary, control, the agricultural use of every farm and field. There were "advisory" committees attached to every County Council, but they could not exert authority or enforce discipline. During 1940 the War Executive Committees have taken on the job and shown that they can do it. They are the tactical organisers of the great campaign. It is theirs to organise, to equip, to encourage and in the last resort to discipline. They have been given powers for this purpose and have shown in 1940 every capacity to use them.

We cannot discuss the prospects of 1941 without considering first the High Command. Nobody seems to doubt that in 1940 they have done their job and worked out a plan of increased agricultural production on lines which naturally must depend on military factors, factors of oversea transport, factors of available finance and many others. All these things depend on the day-to-day development of the war, and this will continue to be the case in 1941. Ever increased production can in no event cease to be their object. But there are a few major decisions which clearly can be taken before long. One of these seems to have been taken already—that for the moment at any rate the greatest possible stress shall be laid on increasing the output of land not at present used to its utmost extent. Another decision plainly has to be made before long with regard to control of provision of labour, the men to fill the front-line trenches during the coming years. It has been suggested, in the Minister of Agriculture's recent speech, that he may be asked before long to turn over a large number of his trained men and even his key-men on the farms for other purposes. It is plainly his duty in these circum-

stances to reply that he has the Prime Minister's authority for declaring that most of these men are irreplaceable, and that much as he would rejoice to have the help also of any kind of auxiliaries, he must insist upon retaining them.

THE ELGIN MARBLES

IT has been proposed that "to prove our admiration and gratitude to our Greek ally it would be a just as well as a graceful act to return to them the (so-called) Elgin Marbles" at the end of the war. Though a general re-shuffling of art treasures on a basis of nationalism is to be strongly discouraged, and, if consistently applied, would deprive the arts of one of their greatest modern functions—that of permanent ambassadors of their countries' greatest qualities—there is undoubtedly a great deal to be said in favour of this particular suggestion. Circumstances have completely changed since the seventh Earl of Elgin in 1800 spent £50,000 on removing the sculpture of the Parthenon to a place of greater safety and, although they were not set up in the British Museum till 1816, greater accessibility. Athens is no longer a derelict Turkish town, the Greeks are no longer ancient only, the Parthenon is no longer a ruin to the same extent as in those days. The æsthetic status of the sculptures, too, has changed. They are still acknowledged as the greatest and most extensive sculptures of the greatest period of Greek art, and as such are regarded as one of this nation's most precious artistic treasures. But the sculpture of ancient Greece is no longer, as it was a century ago, considered to be the only possible form of sculpture, the only true source of beauty. It is seen now in wider perspective, corrected by our appreciation of mediæval, Chinese, and other ancient and even primitive cultures, and by modern means of communication and reproduction. And, in the case of architectural sculpture, it is generally realised now that its æsthetic value is only at a hundred per cent. when it can be seen in the setting and lighting for which it was conceived. Such conditions certainly have not prevailed at the British Museum hitherto, although the sculptures have not yet been seen in the new room specially built for them by Lord Duveen just before the war.

OUT OF IRELAND

THE late Lord Sligo deserves to be remembered with Lord Elgin. He used to tell a very good story of how he discovered the Mycæan Column from the Treasury of Atreus, which is now in the British Museum. When he was a boy, a curiously carved stone shaft lay in the stable-yard at Westport in County Mayo, and was used as a mounting block. His uncle, the then Marquess, knew nothing about it beyond that he believed that his father had brought it back in his yacht from a place called Mycene in Greece. The late Marquess, who was a keen antiquary, when he succeeded his father, went to see the Director of the British Museum about it, and said that he believed that he had found a column from the Treasury of Atreus. The Director was politely interested and enquired where Lord Sligo had found it. "In my stable-yard in Ireland," he replied. The Director was still more incredulous. However, photographs were taken and enquiries were instituted, and experts confirmed that the mounting-block was indeed the missing column from that relic of the Homeric age. Apparently the second Marquess of Sligo, fired by Lord Elgin's rescue of the Parthenon sculptures, had prevailed on the Turkish Governor of the province in which Mycenæ lay to allow him to remove part of the then unidentified ruin, which was in a sad state of dilapidation, and got it as far as the west of Ireland. Soon after that he died, and there the column remained, and might still lie had not his descendant realised its importance. It is now, of course, one of the greatest treasures of the British Museum.

DUBLIN TO BE

LONDON may have something to learn from Dublin in the matter of town-planning, as a result of the Report just accepted by the Dublin Corporation. It is the work of Professor Patrick Abercrombie, who, with a committee of three, was appointed to examine the problem and make proposals five years ago. There has been a good deal of controversy about the site for the new Metropolitan Cathedral. Strangely enough, Dublin has no Roman Catholic cathedral, and the ecclesiastical authorities have bought a site for it in Merrion Square. The Report rejects that site and recommends Lower Ormond Quay on the Liffey, half way between the Custom House and the Four Courts. That is the very heart of Dublin, and a cathedral at that point would undoubtedly be a magnificent addition to the Liffey embankments that are the most charming feature of the city. Professor Abercrombie is contributing the next article in our series "London That Is To Be," in which he will discuss the practical measures that exist, or that are desirable, for realising the post-war re-planning of London. His experiences with the Dublin authorities should provide some interesting precedents.

—AND LONDON

IN the article published in this issue, the ex-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects puts forward what may be termed the conservative view of the task awaiting London's re-builders. "Patchwork" and "patching up" have a sinister ring in the ears of those who visualise brave new worlds constructed on sites as clear as the Bellman's map. But in real life there are few such perfect and absolute blanks, least of all in the human mind, and we may be sure that in the re-building of London, great as the need undoubtedly is for new streets and new buildings, there will be a yet greater need for conserving what is sound, economically serviceable and hallowed by history or associations. In patching, as in planning, there are principles to be observed. And the principles need not by any means clash, although inevitably there will be many controversies over particular instances, the more so since last Sunday's diabolical fire-raising raid on the City. Before the nation commits itself to any great new plan for London,



"THE LAZY GEESE LIKE A SNOW CLOUD"

It is essential to realise what is the true nature of London. That free and easy spirit must not be destroyed by the Scylla of dictated uniformity. But neither must we fall into the Charybdis of the faked antique.

FROM HAMPSHIRE TO MANDALAY

SIR REGINALD DORMAN SMITH will carry the good wishes of many British farmers with him to his new post of Governor of Burma. Since Mr. Robert Hudson succeeded him as Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald has been serving in a military capacity, but a man who was a Cabinet Minister before he was forty, and made such a conspicuous success of his office, winning a high degree of confidence from the complex industry that he directed, was obviously fitted for greater responsibilities. Indeed, the appointment is likely to require all the new Governor's administrative ability and personal qualities. Since the separation of Burma from India in 1937, a new State has virtually been brought into being, with considerable possibilities for progressive development and with increasingly complex relations with its neighbours, China and Indo-China; in fact, the Burma Road can be said to begin at Whitehall. The filling of the post of Governor from so far outside the Indian *raj* has caused some surprise to those unacquainted with the former Minister of Agriculture. He is, however, not unfamiliar with the East, having formerly served in the Indian Army. But it may be suspected that what has weighed most with the authorities were the agricultural resources of Burma and the qualities of real statesmanship displayed by Sir Reginald as head of the British Delegation to the Sydney Conference in 1937, when a complex series of quota agreements was evolved, largely through his tactful handling. May the new plough to which he sets his hand be as fruitful as that which turned the million British acres last year!

NO BELLS IN ENGLAND

The bells—the bells of England—they are dumb:
Round all the shires the spires in silence pout.
The joyous bells, the bells that bade men come
From valleys miles away, no more ring out
The call to prayer, nor waft the passing soul,
Nor hymn the bridal pair: each iron tongue
Hangs silent. Better so. Since now their toll
Can tell but terror, let them rest unring.

Poor bells, poor silent bells that, wrought for praise,
Must hold their tongues: sad hills that shall not know
The dear familiar sound, except to warn
Of alien feet upon their English ways—
Be silent, then, ye brazen throats! . . . But oh,
The ghostly silence of the Sabbath morn!

DOROTHEA SPEARS.
(South Africa.)

A STANDARD ACCENT

THERE are few subjects at once more interesting and more embarrassing than that of accents; it is always entered on with trepidation for fear of an accusation of snobbishness. It has lately been raised yet again, because a light-hearted leading article gently chaffed the Headmaster of a Lincolnshire Grammar School on proposing to teach his boys the southern accent. The Headmaster replied with spirit that he had not said "southern" but "standard," and this he well defined as a manner of speech which should not distract the hearer's attention from what the speaker is saying to how he is saying it. The fact is that an accent is not, so to speak, a prophet in its own county. That which is deemed so vigorous or picturesque or even "quaint" elsewhere rarely gives pleasure to those who live with it. It may possibly be of some advantage to them if they go out into the world, where their accent will amuse people and mark them out from the herd; but should they stay at home, it may be a social disadvantage and stand definitely in their way. To say so much may be an admission of snobbishness, but this is still a snobbish world. Probably most of us enjoy hearing a broad, rustic accent, and should be very sorry if it disappeared, but we do not want to talk with it ourselves. In fact, we want to have it both ways, and that is neither fair nor feasible.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Aerial Acrobats—Expensive Cartridges—The Yeomanry in Libya—"The Print of Olden Wars"

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

A DISCOVERY we have made from our lofty outlook in the observation post is the incredible number of wild pigeons there are on the wing shortly before dusk and at daybreak every day. There would seem to be far more this winter than have ever been seen before, and it is a bad prospect for the farmers, as there will not be many gunners willing to waste cartridges on them this year. I do not know what the exact situation is with regard to cartridges, but it seems reasonable to expect that they will soon be as scarce as they were during the last war; and our local gunsmith told me when I bought my last lot that he did not know where his next consignment was coming from.

From the numbers of wood-pigeons observed it would seem that our Scandinavian migrants are now with us, and the trouble is that there is really no effective method of dealing with this pest as there is with the rabbit. The rabbit situation in most parts is well in hand, and in some places almost too well in hand, as the animal is becoming extinct. I have shot twice recently over land where normally, with five or six guns, the number of rabbits killed during the day would total some fifty or sixty; the bag on one shoot was a solitary couple and on the other, one! Sometimes I think there is only one rabbit left in West Hampshire, and that is the specimen inside the wire netting of my vegetable garden; whatever happens during this war to his species, he will survive.

AS wood-pigeon are far too wily to allow of the use of nets or any other device, the only possible way of coping with them is by shooting either from hides in the fields they are frequenting or as they come in to roost, and, however well this is organised, it is extremely doubtful if it makes any appreciable diminution of their numbers. In any case, unless the gunner is a specialist in pigeon-shooting and spends much of his time at it, it is quite certain that the birds obtained will not be worth the cartridges expended.

As a really bad pigeon shot I speak from experience, for I imagine my average of cartridges to a bird down is about four, which is a thoroughly uneconomical proceeding. It seems to me that the pigeon is not only the wariest and keenest-sighted bird that flies, but also the cleverest and quickest aerial acrobat of them all. One sees a pigeon coming in to roost and decides he is well within shot, but, during the split second between raising the gun, firing, the arrival of the charge, and the departure of the bird intact or with only a couple of feathers missing, some extraordinary change in the distance seems to have occurred, and one knows instinctively that the pigeon was well out of shot, and should never have been attempted. Yet if it had been any other bird than a pigeon it would have been within shot.

AT the present time I imagine we are using up pre-war stocks of cartridges, and I wonder if ultimately we shall receive any of the most unreliable ammunition that came to us from various parts of Europe during the last war. I have a very vivid recollection of a hundred of unknown origin that I was allowed to buy as a great concession in Alexandria at the end of 1918. They cost £4 and they were not worth it, for, owing to their uncertainty, the number of birds they accounted for was insignificant, and my insurance company narrowly missed paying £3,000 to my widow.

I was shooting duck from a small flat-bottomed boat on Mariut Lake, and the cartridges were going off all ways. Some made a terrific report, some hung fire, while others just popped feebly, and a wiser man would have packed up and called it a day. I went on, however, and when taking a high mallard it happened! There was a deafening report, a blinding flash, and when I recovered my senses I found myself lying in the bottom of the boat with my shattered gun beside me. The left barrel was blown clean away two inches from the breech, the middle rib was gone, and the stock and breech mechanism broken in every direction. Owing to the fact that I had fired at a bird right overhead, so that my gun was vertical, I got off very lightly with a gashed wrist and slight cut on the head, but with my gun at any other angle I do not see how I could have escaped death.

The mystery of the burst was never cleared up satisfactorily, but it is fairly safe to assume it was due to the common cause of most explosions—an obstruction in the barrel. As I was sitting in a boat there could have been no question of careless handling and resultant mud in the barrel, and the explanation no doubt was that a very weak cartridge left the whole or part of the charge in the gun, and was then followed by another cartridge that was well up to strength.

Actually the mystery was explained to me at the time by my Arab boatman, who had been squatting behind me in the boat, and who was blown into the water by the explosion. He scrambled back, blowing mud from his mouth and nose; then he looked at me and shook his head.

"El cartouche da mush quies" ("That cartridge was no good"), he said sapiently, and when I came to think of it I had no fault to find with this considered opinion.

IN my Notes recently I complained that a place on the Libyan front, then in the hands of the Italians but now in ours, which was constantly in the news, was not shown on any map—not even the 1/500,000 Survey of Egypt. I have now received a letter from a retired officer living in Dorset who says he can throw some light on the mystery:

"As an officer of the Dorset Yeomanry I took part in General Peyton's rout of the Senussi in 1916 at Agagia. I find that after leaving Mersa Matruh on February 20th we bivouacked at Wadi Maktil on February 25th, and from here on the 26th attacked the Senussi position at Agagia, fourteen miles south-east of Sidi Barrani. Our camp

in the Wadi Maktil was close to the sea, and the wadi sloped, rising gradually inland."

This clears up the mystery, for "Maktila" is obviously a recently coined name based on the word "Maktil," and Maktil, being merely a wadi, or dry watercourse, is not shown in any map because these wadis of the Libyan desert are small and insignificant compared with those farther east, and moreover the full survey of this desert has not yet been completed.

* * *

"WE travelled in the print of olden wars," and it is queer how history repeats itself and how the strategy of twenty-four years ago, when cavalry took the place of mechanised forces, is equally sound and

applicable to-day, but the lie of the land at Sidi Barrani more or less invites the stroke that Sir Archibald Wavell has delivered. In an important article I read recently Sidi Barrani was mentioned with Narvik, Trondhjem and Dunkirk as a serious British defeat, but it was nothing of the sort. For the first time in modern warfare the cliché "our troops retired to specially prepared positions in the rear" was used truthfully, for the country between Mersa Matruh and the frontier is bare desert of no importance whatsoever, and if the enemy could be enticed to advance as far as Sidi Barrani he was offering a most glorious opportunity for flank attacks from land and sea. I imagine Sir Archibald had been planning this battle since the first day he landed in Egypt, and would have been bitterly disappointed if Graziani had not walked into his trap.

LONDON THAT IS TO BE

IV.—THE PRINCIPLES OF PATCHWORK.

By H. S. GOODHART RENDEL

In most of the reconstruction of London and other towns, a large proportion of the work will inevitably be patching up. It is essential that the aesthetic principles of conservation should be formulated in readiness, lest we get bad copies and mock antiquarianism or lose more by ill-considered demolition than by enemy action. Where new building is necessary, contemporary architecture is to be encouraged, but do we really want uniform regimentation? Variety and individualism are the very nature of London.

THE pictures, now appearing in our newspapers, of buildings bombed to ruin forecast a record of havoc whose final extent cannot yet be guessed. Nothing is safe; worse losses are not unlikely; and, as losses accumulate, the right policy for future re-builders becomes more and more debatable.

Re-building operations must inevitably be of three kinds: patching-up, reproduction, and replacement; and although, in many cases, it will be beyond question which of these is the most suitable, in many others choice between them will be difficult. Such a choice must be guided not by immediate expediency nor yet by sentiment, but by reasoned principles in which expediency and sentiment are given their proper—but no more than their proper—weight. These principles cannot be formulated too soon, since not all reconstruction can wait until further destruction by the enemy has been made impossible. Moreover, when peace comes, nobody will pause, in the rush of re-building, to consider principles that have not been formulated in advance.

Buildings damaged only slightly are bound to be merely patched up, when they are solid and useful enough for their owners to want to keep them. If they are ugly or obstructive to town improvement, their slightly damaged state will strengthen a case already existing for their removal, but any dishonest use of this pretext to which authority may be tempted will incur well deserved resentment. It has often been remarked in the past that the buildings most likely to be condemned by sanitary inspectors are those for which compensation will have to be paid when some municipal improvement, already planned, is carried into effect. Be this true or false, no like suspicion must be aroused by those who pronounce upon any damaged building's capability of being made again serviceable.

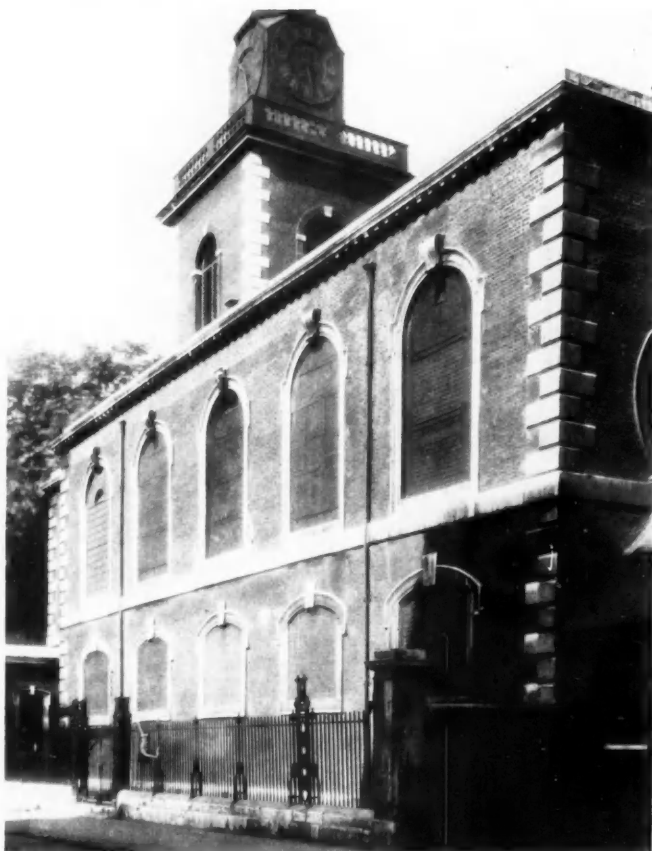
When buildings have been damaged badly, the advisability of patching them up obviously rests upon many varying conditions. The value of what remains must be estimated not only in itself but as part of the total value of that in which it can be re-embodied. It is foolish to patch up expensively what is soon likely to need replacement.

SUCCESSFUL RE-BUILDING DEMANDS CONSERVATION

The sites of buildings that have been nearly or completely destroyed may often call to be left open: already, in some places, the

enemy bomber has acted as the town-planner's ally. Where re-building is desirable these sites can be covered with something like what was there before, or with something altogether of another kind. Here again many varying conditions will combine to indicate the policy that is appropriate. Probably wrong choices will be made more often by the conservative than by the adventurous.

Yet upon wise conservation depends the whole success of our re-building. It is no weakness in us as a people that we should be better at patching up than at innovation: indeed, resourceful opportunism is a large element in our national strength. In everything except cookery we are skilful in using up scraps, and England would no longer be England if this skill were not exerted. Our besetting sin is that of using scraps to make nothing but a scrap-heap, and from this our town-planners and sociologists must save us. Let them not, however, attempt to force us into reforms that would sweep away not only anomalies and abuses, but also the harmless vestiges of past follies, of Elizabethan or Victorian ostentation, of Burlingtonian pedantry, of Ruskinite retrospection. If such vestiges really are in our way, they must go, as Temple Bar has gone; but with continuing air-raids we shall have fewer and fewer of them to spare. We must not go on with the destructive work begun by the enemy in order to obtain greater stateliness and regularity than the occasion and our national predilections demand. On the other hand, we must never, when building anew, imitate the effects of causes that have ceased to operate. When we adopt an old design it must be for its beauty alone, and not for the irrecoverable charm of historical vicissitudes whose authentic



F. W. Taylor



A CLEAR CASE FOR RECONSTRUCTION: ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY

(Left) The Jermyn Street side; (right) the Piccadilly side after the destruction of the vicarage by a direct hit (its ruins occupy the foreground) and the burning of the Church by incendiary bombs

record has perished for ever.

BUT NOT REPRODUCTION: THE AWFUL WARNING OF SIR GILBERT SCOTT

The only ancient buildings whose forms should be closely reproduced in new ones are those that we have reason to believe were exactly as they were intended to be by their original designers; and among these we must reproduce those only whose designs appear to be intrinsically excellent, giving their merit not to the beautifying disguise of antiquity but to architectural values that are permanent. To copy buildings that were patches of different dates would be a futile and a Chinese proceeding that could result only in bad art and the sentimental falsification of history. Taunton tower, the outside of Henry VII's chapel, St. Paul's Church in Covent Garden, the inside of Limehouse Church, the steeple of Chichester, are examples of legitimate recreation, done with unequal skill but with equal justification. In all these there is no mock-antique workmanship: the loss of the original material has been wisely regarded as irrevocable, and the design has been allowed to stand upon its merits alone.

Architects will certainly be pressed to reproduce many designs whose merits exist only in the eyes of those to whom they have been endeared by familiarity. They will be pressed also to re-contrive picturesque effects that were due to accident and only by accident could properly come again. Some will yield to this pressure, and will probably achieve results that are agreeable, but less suited to England than to Newport or Long Island. Others may do as the late Sir Gilbert Scott did in Doncaster parish church: they may accept instructions to reproduce, and then reproduce only what they think their employers are likely to have noticed; explaining away variations, when detected, as slight but necessary purifications of style. Others again will attempt to turn the eyes of their employers forward instead of backward. It is to be hoped that these will prevail.

The name having been mentioned of the most active English church restorer, it may not be amiss to point out that very much which we treasure as mediæval originated really with him and his contemporaries. The results of the impact upon an ancient building of Sir Gilbert Scott and of a land-mine have probably been not very different, and Sir Gilbert's ingenuity in re-assembling fragments might not prove beyond our imitation. In Taunton tower and Chichester steeple he had no need of ingenuity; recorded designs were repeated with materials and workmanship honestly modern. Should these be destroyed he should probably wish to build for the third time what he built so successfully for the second. But if his speculative ingenuities could be taken from us, his petrified guesses of what *might* have existed originally at Chester, Ely, David's, Ely, Stafford, or Bargo, should we wish to reconstitute them? Better perhaps to do so than to petrify new guesses of our own, but better still to bury the dead and resume the natural process of architectural creation. To copy a William of Sens may be the thing, to copy a Gilbert Scott another. But in renewing our ancient churches how



BUSH HOUSE AND ST. MARY-LE-STRAND. AN UNUSUAL VIEW

"The forced symmetry of a dictated architecture would destroy its nature"

often could we be sure which it was that we were doing?

"PRESERVE EVERYTHING: COPY NOTHING"

William Morris knew the answers to all the most difficult questions that will assail us, and it will be a great blessing for England if his principle, constantly upheld since his time by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, be everywhere acted upon. This principle was briefly: preserve everything and copy nothing. So deeply did he disdain the imitation of past architecture that he probably would not have tolerated reproduction even where nothing remained that could be preserved; but his guiding theory was not concerned with such cases, and outside its proper domain need not be followed. In repairs, and what are called "restorations," the theory was absolute and is as sound now as when he proclaimed it. Every old fragment must be unmolested, and, above all, *unconfused by the addition of any imitation-old whatever.*

We now know better than to give new arms and legs to old statues, although we allow ourselves to attach to them the bare minimum of unsculptured material that is necessary to ensure their stability. Morris asked that we should treat old buildings in the same way, that we should adapt them to our needs with comely modern work designed as a setting—a foil perhaps—for the old jewels; but should never surround those jewels with paste whose propinquity might seem to debase them.

Photographs suggest that little now remains of St. Michael's great church at Coventry besides the steeple and the walls of the apse. What is it that ought eventually to connect those noble fragments—a cathedral as good as we can build, or a fake as clever as we can contrive? The present generation of Coventry citizens, in their grief, may feel that a

simulacrum of St. Michael's, dead as a waxwork, would be dearer to them than the flesh and blood of a new design true to its epoch. They may feel (and who can blame them if they do?) that the enemy's deed is one so evil that all visible record of it must be expunged if it be in human power to do so. But what will a future generation feel, a generation that has never known the real St. Michael's? Would it find in the forms reproduced the masterpiece of a single designer, a building so well embodying the requirements of a twentieth-century cathedral that no improvement upon it was in our power? Will our sons have any tenderness for the defects of what we may have come to love but they will not remember?

To urge that re-building, being limited to cases of necessity, should be unshackled by memories of the past is not to suggest that a modern architect is free to make discord with what surrounds his work. Architectural discord and harmony are dependent not upon "style" but upon colour and mass: nothing more discordant could be conceived than the recent "Gothic" addition to the "Gothic" town hall at Manchester, nothing more harmonious than the classical Upper School with the Gothic rest of School Yard at Eton. All men are not equally sensitive to this, and the best hope for harmony in the extensive re-building before us is that work should be entrusted as often as possible to architects familiar with the region in which it is to be placed.

DEPARTMENTAL DESIGN

The attempts at local character made by designing departments situated in London, whether official or commercial, are as a rule—and probably always must be—pathetic in their futility; and although it is reasonable that a post-office or a chain-store should have a character by which it may be easily recognised, it is time to call a halt to wholesale departmental design, if variety in our country towns is not to be ironed out altogether. The powers of the new Ministry of Building seem to be of uncertain scope even to those who wield them. If concerned with reforming official departments already in existence, they may well prove to be beneficent. On the other hand, should they be exerted in widening the field of such departments, of entrusting ever more work to public servants and ever less to independent men, they may well prove as dangerous to the face of England as any attack from the air.

The series of which this article forms a part is primarily concerned with the re-building of London, but London presents few aesthetic problems peculiar to itself. With its enormous size and its execrable internal communications, it is the hardest nut any town-planner could ever have to crack, but Sir Charles Bressey's Report has pointed a way to improvement which, if diligently followed, can lead to convenience and amenity hitherto undreamed of. The present rate of destruction, however, would have to increase greatly and continue very long before any opportunity could occur for such a new city as Baron Haussman made of Paris, nor would such an opportunity, if it came, lead with us to any cognate result. However improved its communications, London, if Londoners have their way, will always remain a loose aggregation of many smaller towns



(Left) Supposing the Law Courts were seriously damaged, should this strange, inefficient Victorian pastiche be reproduced?

(Right) ST. PAUL'S, COVENT GARDEN
An example of legitimate recreation: Inigo Jones's original building, burnt a century ago, was exactly rebuilt



W. F. Taylor

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retaining strong individual character. We have once had a grand boulevard from Paddington to Finsbury, but the *genii locorum* have been too strong for it and have cut it into sections,

the Great Western road, the Marylebone Road, the Euston Road, the Pentonville Road, the City Road: each highly characteristic of the region through which it passes. The strong

hand of the Crown has imposed a moderated uniformity upon Regent Street and, after one lapse, has secured the integrity of Carlton House Terrace. Grosvenor Square is intended eventually to be as regular as Belgrave Square; but St. James's Square, Hanover Square and Berkeley Square are allowed to go as they please. Even Stratford Place and the north side of Covent Garden have not in recent years been thought worth saving.

THE NATURE OF LONDON

Before we resolve that Londoners should *not* have their way, but should be forced or cajoled into architectural uniform, it is worth while to consider whether there is nothing to be said for the individualism that is their natural preference. In places of parade a comprehensive design alone can give the grandeur that is appropriate and we could well do with some more streets as well ordered as the Regent quadrant or with some London equivalent of the Place Vendôme. But can we well do without the turbulent picturesqueness of the Strand? Supposing London's street planning to be revised, as it should be most radically, do we wish most of the new and altered streets to be lined with long architectural compositions partitioned among various owners?

To some of us at least the imitation palace with ten or a dozen front doors, standing not upon a *place* but in a relatively narrow street, is an unsatisfactory form of architecture, however well it may have been done in the eighteenth century. Ten or a dozen harmonious but different houses would please us better. The proper sites for imposing architecture are at the termination of vistas; every street is better for ending in something rather than just meeting with an accident. If in improving the plan of London our architects can contrive that every important and regular building can be seen full and square from a long way off, we shall be wise in not demanding from them too much regularity in what the eye may pass on the way. The nature of London is to be free and easy, to let the work of every age jostle comfortably with that of any other. Good town-planning could give the old city the grandeur it lacks, as Wren well knew. The forced symmetry of dictated architecture would destroy its nature. Our city must be patched up as Morris taught us to patch up ancient buildings, preserving all we can, copying nothing (except where there is nothing left that our copy could confuse), and securing convenience and seamliness by adding honest work of our own time to the remains of the past.



ARCHITECTURAL HARMONY DEPENDS NOT UPON "STYLE" BUT ON COLOUR AND MASS

There could be no more pleasing harmony than the classical Upper School at Eton (recently damaged) and the Gothic Chapel

COUNTRYMEN

By SIMON EVANS

IT is in the local inn that one hears all about gardening. Old Tom Tallents seldom speaks, but when he does he almost always says something interesting and to the point.

"Aha," he said last Saturday night, "if my 'taters be as good as they wur las' year I 'ull be content—white as a hound's tooth they wur."

With those few words—white as a hound's tooth—old Tom described good sound potatoes better than any seed catalogue or gardening book that has ever come my way; indeed, I do not think a great scholar could find a phrase so expressive, so unmistakable in its meaning. Many countrymen have this gift. They speak in a simple, direct way, and they hit the nail on the head. It is, I suppose, this natural directness, this straight-forward thinking, that helps to make what are known as "country characters."

It seems to me that there are more charac-

else. For ready wit and good humour give me the countryman every time.

Some years ago I found a good deal of pleasure on my holidays by going from one little market town to another. In any stretch of country you will find that market days do not clash. (For instance, in the country hereabouts, there is a market at Ludlow on Mondays, at Tenbury on Tuesdays, at Cleobury Mortimer on Wednesdays, at Kidderminster on Thursdays, and so on.) At cattle sales and markets countrymen gather together; they make their market days a kind of entertainment, fairly put themselves to it and sharpen their wits on the wits of their neighbours.

Country characters, the brightest of them, are very interesting fellows. They are the salt of the countryside. I fancy that townsmen seldom see countrymen at their best. (I am fortunate in having opportunities of mixing with countrymen as one of themselves.) If a man calls at an inn right in the heart of the

no doubt that a good deal depends on the man himself—he must be patient and good-humoured, broad-minded and tolerant. Country characters are born, not made; if you are accepted by them you are indeed fortunate.

Some townsmen make the mistake of thinking that a country character is a sort of show-piece, a kind of comedian provided to entertain strangers. This is all wrong. You must treat country people as you find them, as fellow-men. Sometimes when in the taproom of my favourite inn I feel that old Omar Khayyam knew all about it. In my mind's eye I see the Potter's Shop and the Clay Population:

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:

And suddenly one more impatient cried—
"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

None answered this; but after Silence spake

A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:

"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of the Potter
shake?"

And there, it seems to me, is the thought that lies in the heart of the countryman; he wants to be accepted without question. Whether he is bent or upright, full of wit or dry as a stick, he is natural growth and he wants to be himself. His way of living, his thinking, his speech, his dress—all are part of the man himself. A search for characters is seldom, if ever, successful. All the odd incidents I have seen and all the queer old men I count as my friends have come my way by accident, by chance.

An old countryman, knotted as an oak and with a face as set as if hewn out of mahogany, is not always as solid and humourless as he looks. I remember, in the kitchen of an inn, seeing a shy-looking old ploughman play a trick on a visitor from town. The stranger had been asking questions and, as he thought, fooling the countrymen. After putting up with the fellow for some time the old ploughman said, quietly and with some hesitation, that he had a trick, and he agreed, in a half-hearted way, to let the smart stranger have a go at it. He called for a quart of cider—the stranger paid. Then the old man climbed on to a chair and placed the brim-full quart pot against the ceiling; he asked the stranger to pick up a short stick and hold the quart pot tight against the ceiling. With his arm at full length the man could just manage this. Then the ploughman said: "Now, surree, the trick is: yow mun get away an' kep dry," and without a trace of a smile he went out. The landlord disappeared, the company sat back and watched. A few minutes later a rather damp and bad-tempered man climbed into his car and went away.

One of the most interesting characters I have ever met was a man named William Pratt. He was, for a few months, the landlord of the local inn. At the inn a club met once a week. Almost every village has one of these clubs. There is a good deal of ceremony attached to them, a special way of knocking for admission, pass-words, and so on. Old William Pratt hated secrecy; he wanted everything plain, straight and open. He made no attempt to close the club, but his remarks about it were, to put it mildly, rather rude. One night when the club met William went off down a lane behind the inn to a field where a donkey, a she-ass, had a little foal. William was a big, strong man; he picked up the baby ass and carried it back to the inn. He astonished his customers by going to the door of the room where the meeting was being held. He gave the secret knock. The door opened, and someone shouted: "Give the pass-word!" Old William stepped boldly into the room, hoisted the little ass on to the table and pushed it forward. "Brother Ass!" he shouted, "a new member—without the pass-word!"



G. L. Hawkins

A GAME OF SKITTLES IN THE VILLAGE

ters in the country than there are in town. The reason for this is that townsmen are more conventional. To look odd or eccentric seems to weigh against a man in town, and the fact that townsmen are almost always on the move, always in a hurry, anxious to do something or ready to be amused, robs them of a trait that is still strong in the make-up of the countryman. Nothing pleases a countryman more than to be left alone, to be allowed to do his work in his own way.

In spite of modern machinery the seasons—spring, summer, autumn and winter—come as ever they did; we can neither hurry nor delay them. Prophets may prophesy and scientists may expound, but the weather remains as uncertain as the wind, and what a countryman turns his hand to depends on the season, the wind and the weather. If he can, a true countryman will stay in or near the village or among the hills where he was cradled, and so he has time to grow and develop in a natural way; he keeps his rough edges and colour; he is not "regimented," nor has he got what might be called the "factory mind." I am not suggesting that countrymen are clever—no, the clever men come from the towns and universities—but it seems to me that there are more wise men in the country than there are anywhere

country he may do his best to put the company at ease, and they may appear to be perfectly natural, but he is a stranger among them and they are aware of his presence. I have, many times, been one of the company in an inn when a stranger—a well dressed or fairly well dressed townsman—has walked in. After some talk he may think he is one of the company; the chaff and banter may be as loud as it was an hour before, but I know these countrymen well enough to be sure that, in spite of appearances, they are rather like children pretending to be at ease. They are not perfectly natural. A stranger is always a stranger, and a countryman is almost always on guard. Why anyone attempts to write a novel of the country unless he or she has lived in the country for many years puzzles me. Long ago someone said: "If you wish to write a great novel of Shropshire, go to Shropshire and live among the Shropshire people." This is good advice, and it is, of course, true of any other part of England.

How long must a man live among country people before he begins to know them well, before he is accepted as one of themselves? This is not an easy question to answer. People who are able to spend long holidays in the country might like to think about this. I have

THE RARE DOTTEREL

WHY IT IS NEVER LIKELY TO BE COMMON IN BRITAIN

Written and Illustrated by ERIC J. HOSKING

THERE are not many ornithologists who can claim to have seen the dotterel on its British nesting sites, and there is, of course, a good reason for this; the dotterel rarely breeds below an altitude of three thousand feet, and there are only few localities which are suitable in Great Britain. At this altitude, and above, it is nowhere common, and even in the highlands of Scotland, where it breeds regularly, many days can be spent searching in vain for this elusive bird. The prospects of a fatiguing climb in weather which is never settled for any length of time, and in a district where mists on the high-tops descend suddenly and limit visibility, combined with the uncertainty of being able to ascertain its whereabouts, are sufficient justification for leaving the dotterel in its seclusion and, had it not been for the kindness of two ornithologists who live among these wild hills, it is very doubtful whether I should have had the opportunity of either seeing or photographing this fascinating bird.

One glorious day in June we left our base

to drive the car along a narrow, tortuous Highland cattle path to the foot of a mountain where the dotterel breeds. We decided to camp in this locality so that we could climb during the early hours of the morning before the rays of the sun made the arduous exercise too exhausting. Early next morning we started, and made our way along a steep zig-zag deer-path, going slowly, for our photographic equipment was heavy. While still a long way from the summit we heard, and a moment later saw, a fine cock ptarmigan, and shortly afterwards flushed a hen ptarmigan from small chicks. It was nearly mid-day before we reached the dotterel's breeding grounds, and there our search began. We separated, each to search a specified area of ground. I had anticipated a long and difficult search, but my friends, who knew every inch of these high-tops, were not long in sighting our quarry, and within a few minutes I was hailed by one of them. Rather excitedly I hurried to the spot. At first I could not see the bird, and this is not surprising when it is realised that the ground at this height

has a very uniform appearance and it is bare except for tufts of hard, wiry grass and cushions of purple mountain saxifrage—but only six feet from where I stood was the dotterel.

This was my first view of a dotterel in the breeding season, and now, instead of my seeing a bird faintly at some great distance, as is generally the case with rare birds, it was within a few feet of me. The camera was erected and photographs taken without disturbing the brooding. My wife knelt down and reached forward to stroke the bird, and it was only when her hand touched its back that the dotterel left the nest. Even then it did not fly away, but ran a few feet, then turned round, and, as one of us advanced towards it, ran a few steps farther, trailing wings and drooping tail so that the latter scraped along the ground. On occasions the bird would run up a sloping stone and feign injury by slithering down sideways; it would crouch with wings drooping and remain in this attitude and position for some seconds, but as soon as a movement was made by any of us it would hurry forward,

stopping as we stopped, to continue this injury display. Many attempts were made at brooding away from the nest; the bird would shuffle itself down on the ground exactly as though covering eggs, and even go so far as to tuck small stones under its body. During all these proceedings a high-pitched piping whistle formed an accompaniment.

The dotterel is one of those strange birds which reverse the normal nesting activities, and it is the male who takes the most active part. It is he who makes the scrape or nest, and undertakes at any rate the greater proportion of the incubation and rearing of the chicks. The hen, moreover, is a little larger and rather more strongly marked, and appears to protect the nesting territory—two further cases of reversal—yet, when feeding, the hens are gregarious, and that afternoon we saw three hen dotterels feeding together. Another hen had only just flown from the same place.

My colleagues left me at the nest which had been discovered, and I remained sitting on a stone about six feet from it. The dotterel returned immediately, giving me every opportunity of securing all the photographs I required. About an hour later, when I tried to flush him, this charming little plover ran towards me and attempted to peck at my boots and to fly against my legs. Such a degree of fearlessness is so unusual as to be a problem, and I can only suggest that, living its life in such a remote place, the bird rarely comes into contact with humans, who consequently inspire no fear. The dotterel has few natural enemies apart from the eagle and the fox, and the only creature which is likely to disturb it is the red deer. Should a herd of deer approach the nest, the dotterel will endeavour to drive them away by the use of the same tactics as it used against me, or it may, by adopting the injury-feigning display, deceive a fox into leaving the vicinity of the nest.

It is perhaps, at first sight, also rather a problem how such an apparently delicate bird is able to nest in such a high, storm-swept habitat. To the superficial observer there does not appear to be even an adequate food supply, but closer inspection reveals quite an amount of insect life. This is mostly concealed beneath the stones and rocks, and by displacing several I discovered a small, dark-coloured



PORTRAIT

A climb of four thousand feet was well worth while in order to see this "child of the mists and mountain-tops"



APPROACHING NEST AND EGGS

spider which I should say was fairly common. There were also signs of other insect life. These, then, were the food of the dotterel.

A few days spent on these mountains also dispels the illusion of the dotterel's delicacy. It must, in fact, be an extremely hardy bird. For days on end these mountains are covered in thick mist, reducing visibility to a few feet; even in June, gales of tremendous force sweep over them, while sudden snowstorms obliterate everything. Snow often does play havoc with their nests, covering and destroying the eggs and causing a large mortality among young dotterels. Their nesting season is short, and the fate of the first



"MY WIFE KNELT DOWN TO STROKE THE BIRD, AND IT WAS ONLY WHEN HER HAND TOUCHED ITS BACK THAT THE DOTTEREL LEFT THE NEST"

clutch must often result in a pair passing through that breeding season without rearing chicks. The dotterel's rarity is not, therefore, surprising, but there appears to be no danger of its extinction, for even in my short visit to this region I saw several pairs and nests, and I have no reason to suppose that this nesting season is other than an average one. The very severity of the conditions obtaining in the dotterel's domain ensures an absence of natural enemies, which in some degree compensates for the climatic hardships, but even so it seems remarkable that any bird could survive the rigours of these altitudes.



"ON OCCASIONS THE BIRD WOULD RUN UP A SLOPING STONE AND FEIGN INJURY BY SLITHERING DOWN SIDWAYS"



"IT RAN A FEW STEPS FARTHER, TRAILING WINGS AND DROOPING TAIL SO THAT THE LATTER SCRAPED ALONG THE GROUND"



A SURREY GARDEN:

A charming garden made within the last two years in a natural picturesque setting of trees and

STANDING on high ground which falls gently to the south and west and sheltered from the north and east by encompassing groups of trees, Wo Yuen occupies a fine situation that affords admirable opportunity for good gardening.

BELOW a high retaining wall which supports a formal paved terrace extending the whole length of the garden front of the house, a bold and natural rock bank has been laid out. Ornamental conifers, Japanese maples and numerous other trees and shrubs form an admirable background to the rockwork, the lower slopes of which are furnished with drifts and carpets of brightly coloured rock plants and many choice alpine treasures which afford a gay display throughout the spring and early summer months. A flight of steps descends from the terrace level to the grassy slope below, and beyond the steps where they break the line of the bank, the rockwork is continued to merge easily and naturally into the glade of birches on the north side.



A VIEW in high summer of the wide and boldly planned border of hardy flowers which sweeps up the north-west side of the slope towards the house. Delphiniums, the fine yellow anemisis, erigerons, lupins and pyrethrums provide the backbone of the display, and are well supported by masses of hardy and half-hardy annuals at the edge. Hardy flowers and annuals also fill a large and irregularly shaped bed farther up the slope, nearer the rock bank. On the right of the broad grass walk, groups of a variety of ornamental crab apples are planted in the grass, affording a fine festival of blossom in the late days of April, when the grassy carpet underneath is gay with the nodding heads of a host of daffodils.

Wo Yuen, Milford GODALMING

The home of Brigadier-General Sir
John and Lady Du Cane

*water and reflecting modern tastes
and ideas in its layout and
plant furnishing*

THE enclosed garden to the south of the house, which is laid out on formal lines with a geometrical pattern of beds set in grass around an ornamental vase as a central feature. In the spring the beds are gay with tulips and forget-me-nots.



THE path on the south-west side of the formal garden in late spring, when the tulips and forget-me-nots are in full bloom. A line of standard apples frames the path, which is flanked on each side by borders planted with a variety of spring and summer flowers, among which delphiniums and Oriental poppies are prominent, supported by drifts of pinks, dwarf phlox, alyssum, aubrietias and helianthemums, which flow over and invade the path edge, giving a delightfully informal effect. The path leads to a small rose garden bounded on the north-east side by a rock bank the upper slopes of which are planted with Japanese crab apples (*Malus floribunda*), whose crocens are transformed in spring into a shower of pinkish blossoms and still pinker buds.

THE pergola on the north-east side of the formal garden when the roses are in their full tide of loveliness. Extending along the length of the enclosure, the pergola provides a fine background to the garden, as well as a charming ornamental feature in summer, when the uprights and cross-timbers are adorned with the blossoms of numerous varieties of rambler and climbing roses and the decorative leafage of many vines, such as *Vitis Coignetiae*, and several other climbers. The border below the pergola is filled with hybrid polyantha roses, the pink *Else Poulsen* and its cherry red cousin *Kirsten*, between which *Lilium regale* has been planted, affording a charming association for summer effect.





A WATERSIDE scene in high summer. In the planting of the margins of the pool, as much attention has been paid to its architecture as to the painting of the plant furnishing to secure variety and contrast in form and texture as well as in colouring.



ON the upper reaches of the woodland stream. The branching crown of a veteran oak provides the dappled shade so much enjoyed by colonies of various lilies planted in the irregularly shaped beds on the grass bank rising gently from the water's edge.



ONE of the most picturesque as well as one of the most fascinating forms of modern gardening is that which adjoins the waterside, and at Wo Yuen it has been put into practice with the greatest effect. The water garden lies some distance from the house at the foot of the slope in woodland surroundings. The many natural amenities of the unique site have been carefully preserved and enhanced by good gardening of exactly the right kind. The presence of water in the form of a pool and stream, and several fine oak trees, provided an ideal site for the creation of a woodland garden, and the opportunities presented by the situation have been seized to the full, as can be judged by the illustrations on this and the opposite page. On the right is a view of the union between the pool and stream, spanned by a simple wooden bridge. A broad mown grass way surrounds the pool, flanked on one side by a wide border filled with azaleas that present a glorious pageant of blossom in late May and early June, and on the other by groups of moisture-loving hardy plants which furnish the water's edge, dominated by the graceful outline of a weeping willow.

A CHARMING vista along the upper reaches of the stream, where Nature and artifice are happily joined. The natural beauty of the existing features of the site has been zealously preserved and nurtured by simple gardening. Ferns form the principal groundwork under the hazels, the stems of which have been cleaned up to reveal their beauty of form and line, and many other dainty woodlanders have been given a place, each chosen to accord with the quiet beauty of the surroundings.

A PATH by the margin of the pool in high summer, when the spiræas and astilbes are in their full splendour, companioned by the fine yellow *Primula Florindæ* and some of the later lilies like the handsome *L. superbum*.

ON the opposite page is shown a general view of the pool in early summer. A stepped path descends from the upper level laid out as a heath garden to the pool which is attractively framed by veteran oaks and three graceful weeping willows. Bearded irises in all shades of blue, lavender and purple associate most effectively in early June with the beautiful creamy white *Rosa altaica*, when the scene is enhanced by the pageant of the azaleas and other flowering shrubs, as well as by the drifts of the Asiatic *Primulas japonica*, *pulverulenta*, *Bulleyana* and *helodoxa*, which form a fine prelude to the later luxuriance of the astilbes and spiræas, *hemerocallis* and *lysimachias*, *lythrums* and *senecios*.



A HUNDRED YEARS OF ENGLAND

Reviewed by EDITH OLIVIER

ENGLISH SAGA. 1840-1940, by Arthur Bryant. (Collins, and Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10s. 6d.)
THE LONG WEEK-END, by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.)

MR. BRYANT, remembering the Forsytes, calls his Epic of England in the past hundred years a "Saga," and the title is an apt one. He sees his period as one in which the English Spirit has created the Spirit of Big Business—a Frankenstein monster growing up with an individuality and independence almost strong enough to annihilate its parent. The story is romantic and poignant, and it is not yet finished. The first paragraph gives the key to Mr. Bryant's thesis:

"A hundred years ago, within the lifetime of a few old men and women still living, the population of England and Wales, now more than forty million, scarcely exceeded fifteen."

Scarcely more than a quarter of the population lived in towns of over 20,000. The rest dwelt, as their fathers before them, among the fields, or in towns from which the fields were only a few minutes' walk. At least half the British race were engaged in rural or semi-rural pursuits. The overwhelming majority were the sons or grandsons of farmers, yeomen, peasants, and craftsmen."

In this "green and pleasant land" lived an extremely civilised people. "At its best, the ruling caste was exemplified in the Duke of Wellington. The younger son of a music-loving dilettante lord," he became the foremost soldier in Europe, finally defeating the great Napoleon before he was forty-seven; then he was Ambassador to Paris and St. Petersburg, Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. "He was the greatest public figure in the nation." In the House of Commons, "any male member of the governing class who possessed ability, if he wished could be sure of a seat. He was thus able to apply all the powers of his mind, fortified by the most cultured and scholarly education afforded on earth, to the art of politics and the parliamentary game." "An English landed estate in the first half of the 19th century was a masterpiece of smooth and intricate organisation, with its . . . machinery for satisfying

most of the normal wants of communal life—farms, gardens, dairies, brewhouses, granaries, stables, laundries, and workshops; carpenters, ironmongers, painters, masons, smiths and glaziers; its kitchens, larders, and sculleries, beer and wine cellars, gunrooms and stores." As Greville said of Woburn, there were "inexhaustible resources for every taste—a capital library, all the most curious and costly books, pictures, prints, interesting portraits, gallery of sculpture, gardens, with the rarest exotics, collected and maintained at a vast expense."

"The Spitalfields weavers of London, who on Summer evenings could be seen seated in the porticoes of their houses enjoying their pipes, or digging their allotments in Saunderson's Gardens . . . the serge and cloth workers of the West Country . . . the bootmakers of Northampton, the blanketeers of Witney, the chair-turners of the Southern Chilterns, and the cabinet makers and clock makers of almost every country town, were . . . men with a status in the country based on personal skill and character."

In 1831 there were 961,000 families engaged in agriculture. "A rough, simple, pastoral people, of great staying power, invincible good humour, and delicate natural justice, such were the labourers of rural England." They were "very tenacious of the good things of life . . . a bright fire burning on the hearth, choice old china on spotless shelves, smoked flitches of bacon and ham . . . and home-brewed wine." Boxing was the national sport, and the village public-house, mostly selling beer brewed on the premises, was the village club.

This Arcadian picture answers to a phrase used to myself a year or two ago by an old Wiltshire labourer, whose memory went back only sixty or seventy years. He had been telling of the very isolated community in which his village boyhood was spent, and he ended with: "But don't 'ee think folks was more civilised then than what they be now?" I had to agree.

I believe it was Adam Smith who invented that first and most monstrous of robots—the Economic Man; and Mr. Bryant shows him trampling over the pastures of England, and

throwing up blocks of workmen's tenements in place of the labourers' cottages and gardens of the past. He converted the employer into a joint stock company, and the craftsman into a "hand." Mr. Bryant sees the Benthamites as the villains of the piece, with their deceptive slogan of "*Laissez faire*." These words hypnotised English politicians for several crucial generations. They attracted the free and independent Englishman, who had never cared about political economy. It has taken him a hundred hard years to learn that economic *laissez faire* puts the craft and the craftsman into fetters. Mr. Bryant makes a lively attack on mid-Victorian Liberalism, and well proves his case that the prophetic eye of Disraeli saw the dangerous trend of "the doctrine of unlimited contractual freedom." It ends in no freedom at all.

ENGLISH SAGA gives a fine broad picture of its period, and it is also refreshingly controversial.

The "Long Week-end" is the period between the present war and the last, so it covers less than a quarter of Mr. Bryant's century. These years are within the memories of most readers, and at first one might wonder that so many of the events it deals with have proved to be "of a forgettable sort." But most of the topics had their giddy hour of headline fame, and, as the authors remark, one headline "is a sponge for all that immediately precedes it." So this light week-end fare may fitly be described as a spongecake.

Headlines are blatant things at best, but they may become farcical with the passage of time. Now a sponge-cake is the most "re-feced" of all cakes, and I could wish that the bakers of this particular one had turned it into a sponge sandwich, "farcing" it with layers of jam in the shape of many actual headlines. The writers of newspaper contents bills do give the impression that they have news of breathless interest to impart, although time will doubtless take much of the gilt off the gingerbread. Mr. Graves and Mr. Hodge suggest that there was never a ha'porth of gilt there at all, and that they themselves are, anyhow, too cultivated for this cheap stuff.

The result is a book which is heavier than it ought to have been.

THE LIFE OF A SCIENTIST

Many good critics have of recent years given us their opinion that much fiction of the traditional British type—in which, as often as not, the dramatic incidents of the story are threaded on a string provided by the development from youth to age (or from failure to success) of a single central character—will be replaced by new types of biography of a more entertaining kind than some of the dry-as-dust tombstones of the past. After all, "Vanity Fair" is almost entirely the biography of Becky Sharp; and who says there was never a Becky Sharp? The *roman à clef* has always been an excellent form of entertainment for historians and litterateurs who delighted in identifying the characters, shall we say, of Disraeli's or Meredith's novels or those of Mallock's "New Republic." A new form of biography was introduced a few years ago by Mr. A. J. A. Symonds' "The Search for Corvo," an account given by the biographer of his pursuit and gradual discovery—in documents and conversation—of the historical truth about a character of whom, when he started to enquire, he knew no more than does his reader. As I REMEMBER HIM (The Biography of R. S.), by Hans Zinsser, (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) contains no thrills of this historiographer's or mystery-writer's sort. It does however purport to be the result of one man's work in digesting the story of another man's life, and it certainly suggests to the reader that the two men are, in fact, one and the same. If this be so, the method has a good deal to recommend it, for the main thread of the life story can be told with impersonality and detachment. The story is that of an American doctor, a specialist in the sort of epidemic diseases whose origins, prophylaxis and treatment have been exposed since the beginning of this century.



FROM THE 1940 ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"

The details tally closely with the history of the author himself—who is now Professor of Bacteriology and Mammology at Harvard Medical School. Putting aside the matter of identification, the book contains a very interesting account of the gradual growth of modern biological science as a basis for modern medicine, of the methods by which a group of investigators has gradually developed "more deeply disciplined in the fundamental sciences, who could approach the problems of the diseased body with a precision of technique impossible to those trained primarily in medicine." It is natural that a doctor belonging to this group should find his way to places where wars and pestilence prevail, and R. S. is found dealing with the Serbian typhus epidemic at the beginning of the last war. There is no room here to trace his subsequent progress to other theatres of war, to Russia, Tunis, Mexico, China and other parts of the Orient. The account of his experiences will interest all those who have read Professor Zinsser's previous volume "Rats, Mice and History" or remember its classic prototype, the late Sir Arthur Shipley's "Minor Horrors of the War."

CLARE LEIGHTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO HARDY

"Under the Greenwood Tree"—or, as Thomas Hardy would seem to have preferred to call it, "The Mellstock Quire"—has been chosen for publication with illustrations by Miss Clare Leighton as a commemoration of Hardy's birth in 1840. The book is too well known to need any comment here, though Hardy's original preface is interesting for the characteristic sapience with which he points out that, in abolishing the old church instruments, the vicars of the period short-sightedly contrived to "curtail and extinguish the interest of parishioners

in Church doings." Miss Leighton's wood engravings are the proper subject for discussion here, and many of them are admirable. In the best of them she seems to have found herself as never before, two at least of the full-page illustrations are wholly successful and such as the lover of Hardy's work most delight in as its accompaniment. Many of the smaller drawings are exquisite, but, as in other books that she has illustrated, a lack of self-criticism is too plainly evident here and there. It is a commonplace that illustrators should draw church bells without ever troubling to see what their shape really is—as Miss Leighton's are flying through the sky the more difficult problem of their hanging is spared her; but anatomy is a more usual study with artists, and the picture of Dick asleep on Christmas night could only be convincing

if we had had previous information that he was a highly talented contortionist.

KALEIDOSCOPE

Extravaganza is one of the most difficult forms of art to keep up for any length of time, and Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon have not always quite succeeded in doing it. But in *DON'T, MR. DISRAELI!* (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) they have escaped the literary weather to which this kind of writing is so subject: they have no dull periods. Gambolling like a pair of kittens in attitudes graceful even when grotesque, imbued with the haphazard industry of jackdaws, they collect their fragments of glittering anecdote, ridiculous fancy, sparkling comment, and jumble them together to make this entertaining book. Mr. Disraeli is of no more and no less

importance in it than anyone else; past and present jostle each other joyously; a love story holds the thing together with crazy inventiveness; and wild footnotes add to the general hilarity of the scene. The most obstinate fit of depression will be found to yield to this book.

BOOKS EXPECTED

THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN GERMANY AND SWEDEN, by Gunnar Westin, is one of the Oxford University Press publications for the spring. *THEY GOT THEIR MAN: ON PATROL WITH THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED*, by Mr. P. H. Godsell, is to come from Messrs. Robert Hale shortly; it has especial interest now when Canada's vulnerability to attack is important. Mr. John Masefield's account of the campaign in Belgium and France, *THE TWENTY-FIVE DAYS*, is being published by Messrs. Heinemann and is very nearly ready.

QUEER FISH

By FRANK W. LANE

IN his book "A Doctor's Odyssey" Victor Heiser tells the following remarkable fishing story, the truth of which Heiser says is vouched for by an official affidavit.

A man was fishing from a boat off the Philippine Islands when his line began to run out slowly. Just as the fish was reeled almost alongside, the line started off furiously and quite a length was out before the tension slackened.

Again the line was reeled in, and just as the fish was about to break surface the line again whipped out and curled up spray a foot or more as it boiled across the water. After an hour's hard fight a large shark was brought to the gaff. Interested to see what was the history of this queer chapter of catches, the angler cut the shark open. Inside was a three-foot Spanish mackerel, and when that was cut open a little ten-inch lapu lapu was found with the hook through its lip.

The annals of fishing contain at least one other account of a similar "three-cornered" catch. The great American angler, Van Campen Heilner, has recorded a breathless incident which he witnessed while out fishing with a companion.

A fifteen-pound kingfish had taken the bait of Heilner's partner and he had almost brought it to gaff when suddenly a big barracuda shot into the air with the kingfish crosswise in its jaws. As the barracuda hit the water an enormous shark appeared on the surface, engulfed both barracuda and kingfish, ran out all the angler's line and broke it at the spool!

Although incidents such as these must remain the high spots of angling lore, a number of other queer captures have been recounted which are well worthy of record.

Fishing at night in the West Dart an angler hooked a small fish and suddenly felt the weight on the line increase enormously. The reel screamed, and he found his catch unplayable. He then saw that he had a full-grown otter on the end of the line. Eventually the otter went off with fish, fly and cast.

On another occasion an angler was fishing with live-bait for pike when he had what appeared to be a fine run from a game fish. He played it for some time, and then up came a fine cub otter. The animal sat on the bank with the bait in its mouth, shook itself clear of the hook, and then dived into the water and disappeared.

Much bigger game than otters have on occasion tried conclusions with rod and line. A man once made fast into a grilse, but before he could land it a young seal seized the fish and a battle royal commenced. For about three hours the tug-of-war between fisherman and seal continued, and then another man came on the scene and gaffed the seal by clubbing it on the head. As the beast had swallowed bait, hook, line and leader, this execution was perhaps the most merciful thing to do.

A Canadian fisherman once hooked a hard-fighting salmon and was thoroughly enjoying the battle when a seal, which had apparently been watching the proceedings, dived for the fish. Mass attempts from the spectators of the scene to scare the seal away proved ineffectual, and, although the angler reeled in frantically, the seal grabbed the salmon right under his nose. The beast then ran out seventy-five yards of line, rose to the surface, and shook the salmon like a dog with a rat. The line snapped and the seal made off with its ill-gotten booty.

Many an angler has found that his bait has had an attraction for creatures other than fish. Fishing from Teignmouth Pier one afternoon an angler had his mackerel bait taken at a depth of eight feet by a cormorant. Finding itself securely hooked, the bird put up a great fight, but the tackle held, and this strange catch was safely landed.

Fishing from a south coast pier one day an angler noticed a heavy drag on his line. Looking over the rail he saw he had captured a young whiting on one hook, while fluttering from the other was a guillemot which appeared to be hooked by the wing. Evidently the bird had spied the whiting being drawn through the water and had made a grab at it. But the free hook had got in its way and had made it fast. Eventually the bird was released, and appeared so little concerned by this experience that it made a dive for another fish almost immediately after being freed.

An angler, casting on the Frome one day, had the strange experience of causing his line to collide with a flying partridge. As the bird swooped across the river the line became entangled round the bird's legs and the partridge fell into the river. Another angler had a snipe mixed up with his trout cast. The bird got caught in the dropper and the fly penetrated the fleshy part of the wing. The bird was duly "landed."

A Norfolk Broads angler, who had gone to bed leaving a rod and line on the near-by river bank, was awakened by the loud squawking of a chicken. The bird had swallowed the baited hook.

A bat has been known to take a fisher's fly and has been played and brought to bag. One angler had the unique experience of landing a sea-trout on one hook and a bat on the other! He was fortunate compared with the man who had his bait seized by a heron. The bird flew into a neighbouring tree and got the line entangled in the branches. Finding itself a prisoner, the heron struggled to get away, but the line held, and when the angler climbed the tree to retrieve his stolen property he found the heron dead.

It is not often that an angler's life is endangered when the wrong "visitor" seizes his bait, yet this was the experience of a Negro who was using a frog bait one evening on Lake Virginia, in Florida. He hooked something which appeared to be an eel, played it and duly landed it. Just as he was about to pick it up he let out a terrific yell and ran as if his life depended on it. It did! The "eel" was a cotton-mouth water moccasin—one of the deadliest snakes in America.

Not the least interesting part of angling lore is the record of the queer things which captured fish have brought to their captor. One angler landed a fish which was complete with spectacles! It can only be assumed that these had been lost from a ship and had somehow become lodged in the fish's gills. Sharks have been captured with whole motor-car tyres wrapped round their middles.

An Associated Press despatch, which was quoted in the American *Field and Stream* for February, 1932, tells a "believe it or not" angling story which I cannot refrain from retelling here. A certain Leonard Smith from California went fishing one day, and after several hours had passed he wanted to know the time. Feeling in his waistcoat pocket for his watch, he discovered that it was missing.

He continued fishing. Suddenly he made

fast into a big sea bass. Eventually the fish was landed. On cutting it open Mr. Smith found his lost watch, still ticking away and in perfect running order.

It was a bass which figured in another strange story. An angler lost a plug in a big bass after a short battle. Thirty minutes later, during which time the angler's boat had drifted about half a mile away from the scene of the previous encounter, the self-same fish jumped and threw the plug into the boat!

Some fish have even brought refreshments to their captors. One man found when he landed his fish that alongside it was a bottle of whisky. His explanation was that during the fish's struggles it had looped a portion of the line around the neck of the bottle and presumably the hard pull on the line had prevented it from slipping out of the noose.

(In passing, I may mention that I have read of a man who caught an extra trout in this way. He was dry-fly fishing with only one hook. A trout took it, and during the ensuing struggle the fish twisted the gut round another trout and both were safely landed.)

And here is a story, not of a solitary bottle, but of a whole crate being captured at the same time as a fish! The story is told by Mr. O. J. Leighton, who used to conduct the "Anglers' Guide" session on the Sydney (Australia) radio, and who avers that the incident is absolutely true.

A shark fisherman caught a large grey nurse. When it was hoisted aboard a large bulge in its stomach was noticed. When this was opened up it was found to be caused by a crate containing eight unbroken bottles of beer.

In the following words Patrick Chalmers describes what he calls "the strangest fishing incident in my angling life." "I once saw a live Loch Leven trout run over and killed in the Strand by a Putney omnibus. In reality the incident was not surprising in the least. A restaurant menial had gone across the way to procure an aquarium trout for some foolish luncheon who wished to see it alive before he saw it *à la Vérité*. And on the way the messenger, butter-fingered, dropped it, kicking, in the road, and an omnibus, with expedition, completed the tale."

But what would Mr. Chalmers say if he saw a man catch a trout on rod and line in the middle of a busy thoroughfare? Yet there is at least one place in the world where this can be done. A man who owns a tailor's shop in Main Street, Wautoma, Wisconsin, can sometimes be seen walking out of his shop, lifting a manhole cover, and gently lowering a baited hook. And he catches fish! The White River runs directly beneath, and trout, resting in the shade below, can sometimes be induced to try their fancy on a lusciously deceptive hook.

But of all angling stories I think my favourite is the one which George Graves told of an experience of his on Eastbourne Pier. While fishing on a hot afternoon he caught a fair-sized crab. As he was not after shell-fish he unbaited it and threw it back into the sea. He re-baited his hook, sat back in his deck-chair and fell asleep.

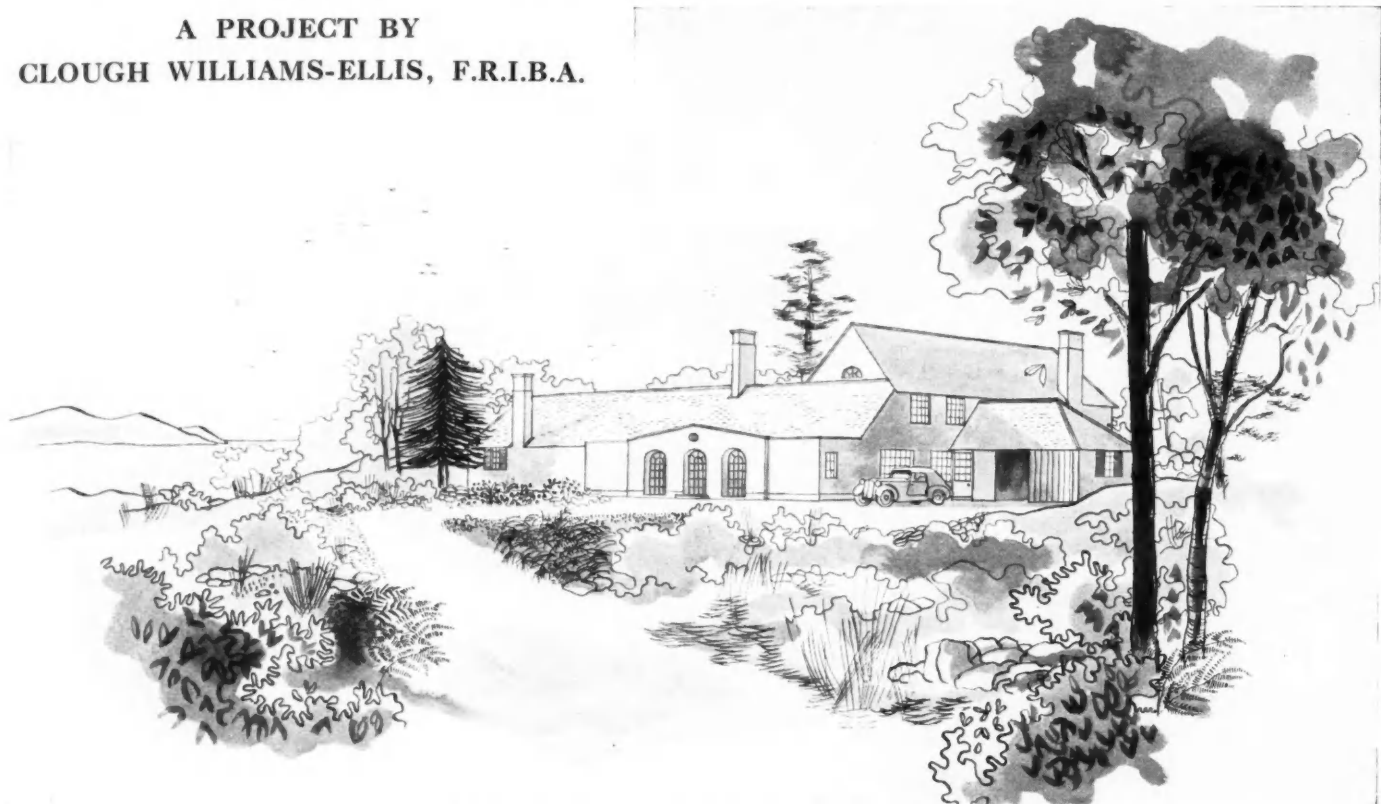
How long he slept, he says, he was unable to say, but on awakening he was surprised to find himself surrounded by fish of all shapes and sizes. He got up to look at his line, and there, clambering up claw over claw, was the grateful crab, bringing up yet another fish to lay as a thank-offering at his preserver's feet!

I am afraid I can't vouch for that one.

HOUSES AFTER THE WAR—II

FOR A SITE ON THE WELSH COAST

A PROJECT BY
CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS, F.R.I.B.A.



THE ARCHED ENTRY FROM THE DRIVE

THOUGH the uncertainties of the period immediately following the present war are assuredly great, assumptions of some sort must be made if one is to plan at all, whether it be one's life or the house in which one is to live.

One strong-minded woman, at any rate, has bravely forecast the situation she then envisages under the heading of "Certainties and Probabilities." She has her own ideas as to which are which! Here are some of them:

That we shall win.

That all concerned will lose so many

feathers that no one will face war again for a long time. Wherefore "No A.R.P. nonsense."

That her income will be very greatly reduced. (She assumes that she will be what she calls "four times as poor as formerly." Even that won't be too bad, and she seems quite unmoved by the prospect except that she foresees great entertainment in contriving and continuing to live the Good Life—probably a better one—on a lower and quite different income level.)

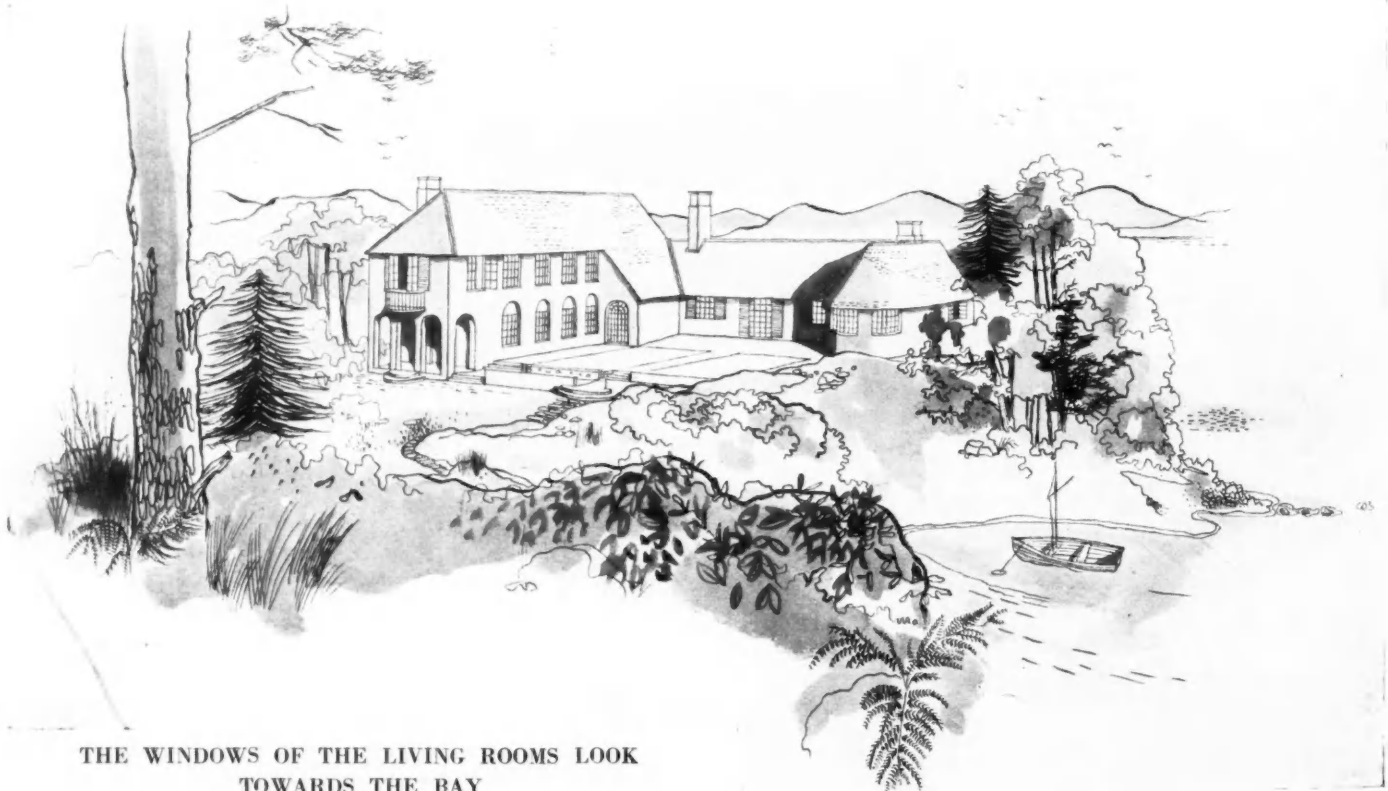
That she would be happier and at least as comfortable in a house a quarter of the size

of her present one and with staff reduced in proportion.

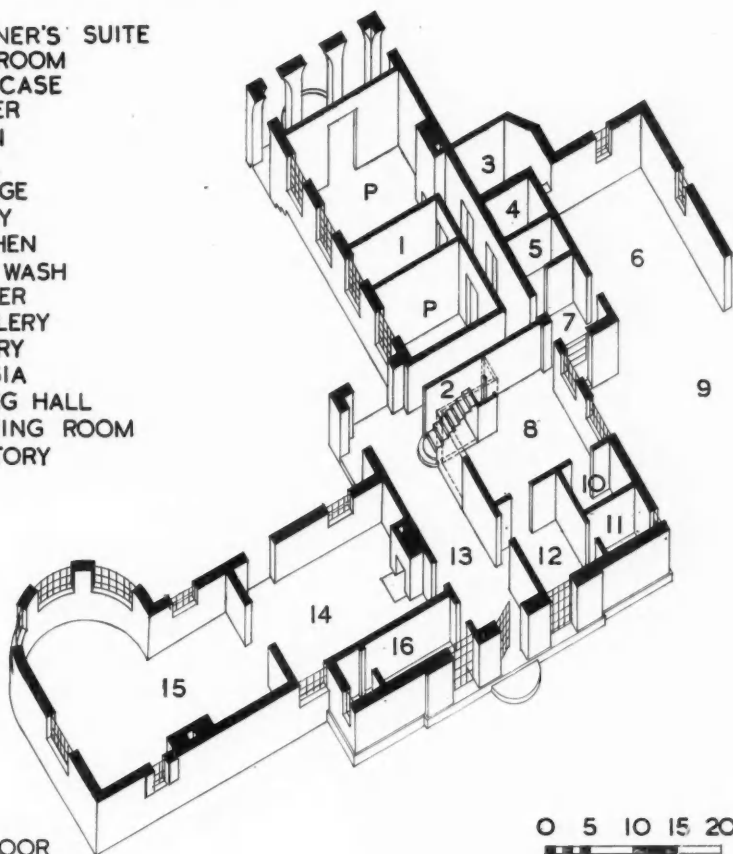
That the said staff (if any) will be "daily" and live out.

That a friend will share the house and its expenses with her and have her own private suite.

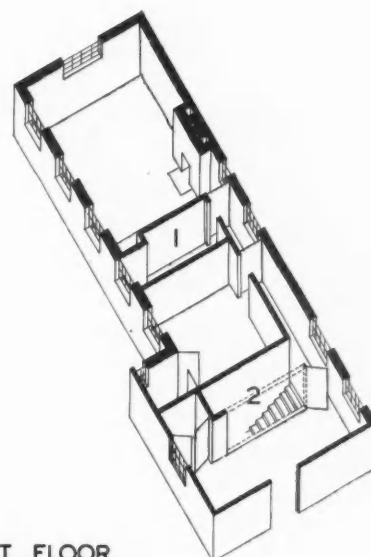
Anyway, she has resolved to sell her present large house in the Midlands, probably for some commercial use, and has secured the site of her dreams on the Welsh coast, where the garden is already taking shape so that it may be all ready and waiting for the house that is to be, when building is possible once more.

THE WINDOWS OF THE LIVING ROOMS LOOK
TOWARDS THE BAY

- P PARTNER'S SUITE
- 1 BATHROOM
- 2 STAIRCASE
- 3 BOILER
- 4 LINEN
- 5 COAL
- 6 GARAGE
- 7 LOBBY
- 8 KITCHEN
- 9 CAR WASH
- 10 LARDER
- 11 SCULLERY
- 12 PANTRY
- 13 LOGGIA
- 14 DINING HALL
- 15 DRAWING ROOM
- 16 LAVATORY



GROUND FLOOR

FIRST FLOOR
OWNER'S SUITE"A BIG SORT OF BUNGALOW WITH
SOME UPSTAIRS": GROUND AND
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Having broadly stated her requirements, she has left the actual form of the building to be very largely dictated by her architect, who has in turn, as he says, "passed the buck to the site itself" and told it to do the planning.

The result is as pictured, a quite undramatic and commonsensical little house, answerable to the owner's desires and mode of life and to the place where it is to stand. It has tried to respond to the stated demand for "a big sort of bungalow with some upstairs to it and two rooms large enough to take just the best pictures and furniture from the old house."

The owner's suite and guests' (or servants') rooms are on the first floor—the intended partner's rooms on the ground floor. If ever required as a family house, these latter would provide the nursery suite.

The site is a well wooded little coombe sloping southward to the sea's edge, where a miniature cascade tumbles down over the little cliffs into a sheltered cove. There is a superb

sea and mountain view from an outcrop of rock standing up like a bald crown from among its fringe of wind-blown oaks, and the curved bay of the drawing-room is made just to fit on to this fortunate vantage point. That is the one fixed point, "the datum"—and from that the rest of the house is slung westwards across the hollow until the far end of the garage comes up against a rock escarpment which may indeed form its outer wall. Another six inches in length and the house would actually burst its site, though it has a considerable coastline of its own of little bays and headlands and an acre or two of rumpled ground giving immense opportunities for unorthodox garden planning on natural terraces at greatly varying levels.

The estate from which the site is leased has its own very definite views as to what is acceptable, and demands a plain and homely sort of building not too unlike the few century-old houses in the neighbourhood. The client welcomes this much control, as it will, of course, apply equally to any other new house that may be built on the headland, though there is a guarantee that "every house shall in any case be invisible from every other."

The drive now ends in the bracken where the forecourt will be, centred on the arched entry.

As it is hoped to start building directly the war is over, the reversion of squared granite from certain neighbouring military road-blocks has been arranged for the walls up to damp-course level. If bricks for the cavity walls above are not by then readily obtainable, a near-by demolition will provide them when the unexpected war-use of the building in question ceases. In short, structurally, the house will be something of a Byzantine pastiche, with its materials collected from the ruins of an older civilisation. Most of the carcassing timber and floor boards await use in the same old house—all of fine quality and, of course, perfectly seasoned.

No difficulty is expected about the small rough green slates, all ready at a quarry a dozen miles away; sand and water are on the site, and so long as cement and metal goods are available, this little house would seem to be well set for a flying start as soon as the flag falls.

The interior is as plain as the outside, walls of hard white granular plaster and floors (so far as the ear-marked stock will allow) of scrubbed oak. Sufficient interest and richness will be given to the interior by the selected spoils from the rather sumptuous furnishing of

the greater house to which this cottage is to be the post-war heir. The casements, it is hoped, may be fully opening, of special-section galvanised steel, as seaside conditions are, when it comes to windows, particularly searching.

Despite some purists' plea for ungarnished brick walls, these are to be rough-rendered and lime-whited with a special mixture sovereign against the south-west gales that sometimes drive the rain in off the sea horizontally at anything up to a hundred miles an hour. And anyway, if economy and the determination to have a dry house do involve the use of cavity walls of brick in this traditionally stone country, local opinion expects the lapse to be dissembled and concealed under a decent covering. Neighbourly good manners before truthfulness! Perhaps that is another Welsh tradition, and in our harsh world, perhaps we should not too hastily condemn it as altogether shocking.

GESTURE

This afternoon,
As our own 'planes hum in the sky—
Butterflies of gauze
In the eye of the benign autumnal sun—
I plant my Darwin tulips.

They may not have a chance to come to flower,
Or I be still alive to see them then;
No matter: in they go.
Duly I dig each hole,
And trickle through my fingers
A little mound of sand to bed each bulb,
Then blanket all with soil against the winter.

Familiar task,
Yet grown so strangely new:
Gesture of hope in face of grim destruction,
A pledge to tortured peoples, trodden serfs,
That Evil on its jerry-built thrones
Shall topple, and that victory
Shall blossom generous as spring,
Peace bountiful as summer.
All these a handful of brown bulbs
Committed to the earth
This year connote.

V. H. F.

THE HAWTHORN TREE

How rid my spirit of this black foreboding?
How free my fettered days
Of all the slime of its perpetual tears
Which drop, corroding
All impulses of hope, of joy, of praise?
There is no thought that does not end in fears.

There is no thought that does not end in
mourning.
Came then, sudden, to my sight
A burst of blossom on a hawthorn tree,
White flame on flame adorning
My sunless gloom. And in these tiers of light
Release and liberation I could see.

My spirit with its misery corrosive
I tossed into the flame
Leaping and blazing on the hawthorn tree;
And Beauty's bright, explosive,
Apt utterance scattered all the shame
Of my dark fear and set my spirit free.

GLADYS ECHLIN.

FARMING NOTES

PIG-KEEPING DEVELOPMENTS—WHEN TO PLOUGH—SWAYBACK—CRATERS—WAR DAMAGE
COMPENSATION TO FARMERS—VEGETABLES FOR THE ARMY—FARM REPAIRS

MANY people are worried about whether they are going to get feeding-stuffs for their pigs and poultry after February 1st, when the rationing scheme comes into operation. There has been some confusion about the arrangements for small-scale producers. The farmer who ordinarily makes a June 4th return of crops and livestock will get his ration coupons automatically, but other producers have to register specially to get feeding-stuffs. They should have done so already, but there is still time. For holdings of an acre or less where there are up to fifty head of poultry, the local Food Office will have a census form which must be completed. If there are more than fifty head of poultry on the holding, a different form must be obtained from the County War Agricultural Executive Committee. In the case of pigs, members of pig clubs are already registered with the Small Pig Keepers' Council. Other pig keepers have to apply to the County War Agricultural Executive Committees. All other stock, such as goats, breeding rabbits and horses, should be registered with the County War Agricultural Executive Committees. It all sounds complicated, but no doubt will work out all right in the end. This rationing scheme, and the intricate calculations which have to be made for every class of stock on the farm, has meant that the county committees have had to increase their staffs considerably. An extra twenty clerks in one county for this job alone is nothing out of the ordinary. It may all be necessary, but it is quite clear that no amount of rationing or coupons will increase by a hundredweight the quantity of cake and feeding-stuffs in the country.

The Small Pig Keepers' Council has now obtained a useful concession from the Ministry of Food. The Ministry has agreed that in future cottagers' pigs and pig clubs, may be sent to Class A bacon factories to be cured, and the owner can get the bacon back for his own consumption. Until now it has not been possible to do this, and anyone who wanted to keep a pig or part of a pig for home consumption had to cure it himself or get the local butcher to do it in rather a rough-and-ready fashion. It should be much more satisfactory to be able to send the pig to a bacon factory and get the sides of bacon back properly cured so that the meat will keep. Presumably the local Food Offices will have full instructions about how these arrangements are to be worked, and will be able to tell pig-keepers the name and address of the nearest bacon factory to which they can send a pig. One of the chief incentives to pig-keeping on a small scale is the satisfaction of producing bacon for one's own consumption. In the old days probably several people in the village could kill and cure a pig fairly satisfactorily. To-day the art is rare, and the householder in the country who can keep a pig or two, largely on kitchen waste, certainly does not want to tackle the job. Incidentally, the Small Pig Keepers' Council can now boast more than 300 clubs registered with them. This is a most satisfactory development. COUNTRY LIFE has already recorded the success of pig clubs in Watford, and no doubt the numbers of clubs will soon grow to the thousand mark and over. For those who want to know more about small-scale pig-keeping and the formation of pig clubs, the address of the Council is Turville Court Barn, Turville Heath, Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

Most of us were very lucky with our spring corn last year. There is a risk in ploughing grassland late in the spring and sowing oats on the upturned soil, but happily the season was favourable and a good deal of rather hasty work escaped the penalty which experienced farmers expected. I see that county organisers in Wales have been asked to record their experience of the 1940 ploughing of grassland with special reference to crop failures. They say that a certain amount of unsuitable land was ploughed and there was some bad cultiva-

tion, due mainly to lack of consolidation. It is most important to get turf turned over well and sealed down firmly before seed is sown. The press following behind the plough is perhaps the best instrument. Lack of lime caused some trouble, but as oats and potatoes are not particular about lime deficiency and these were the most common crops taken in Wales last year, the trouble from this cause was not widespread, nor were fungoid diseases prevalent. Wireworm and leather-jackets caused some trouble. There was general agreement that good cultivations, particularly adequate consolidation and manuring, go a long way towards countering the damage of these pests and even eliminate it. Where cultivations were satisfactory, failures from this cause were few.

The question which many farmers are asking themselves is whether they should plough their grassland now or wait until February and March. There are two schools of thought about this. One says that late ploughing and immediate sowing give the best results. It certainly answered well last year, but the 1940 season was exceptional. The other school of thought believes in early ploughing and drilling the seed on a stale furrow. Probably the weight of practical experience favours this. There is much to be said for getting the ploughing done now, when there is not a great rush of work, and leaving the upturned furrows to be picked over by rooks, starlings, and other birds. They will reduce the wireworm and leather-jacket population. The disadvantage is that unless the ploughing is done well and the grass sealed down under the furrow, turf will grow through to the top again and compete with the young corn when it is sown. It is rather a hopeless business to try a second ploughing in the spring, because that brings up the turf which the first ploughing put underneath. If a good job can be made of early ploughing and pressing so that the turf is well buried and the disc harrow is used in the spring to create a seed-bed, this is probably the safest and most satisfactory way.

Scientists can now tell us something worth while about the prevention of one of the mystery diseases of sheep. "Swayback," which has caused heavy losses among lambs in some districts can be robbed of most of its terrors if the ewes during pregnancy are supplied with a supplement of copper. The most convenient way is to let the ewes have salt licks containing .3 per cent. of copper sulphate. Copper sulphate, which is the bluestone we all know, has a bitter taste, and sheep may not take to it kindly at the start. But judging from a leaflet recently issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, persistence in this treatment is well repaid.

Not all of us are careful enough to see that our stock always have salt to lick. Rock salt is cheap enough, and cattle and sheep appreciate it and need it just as much as human beings. There should be a lump of rock salt in every pasture, and in districts where the herbage is known to be deficient in various minerals it is well worth while using mineral licks which contain other elements as well as salt. This is advisable especially for ewes-in-lamb and young stock like calves which are growing fast. Lack of minerals in their feed stunts the growth of the young. These mineral licks have been on the market for some time. They are fairly expensive, but they last well if they are put out in the fields in the metal holders which the manufacturers supply. Extra mineral feeding in this way is, I believe, particularly desirable in the dead of winter.

The military have now promised to help with filling up bomb craters on farms where the local units can spare some men for the job. The work will be done without charge to the farmer for the time being. Individual farmers will be notified of the amount of any claim against them, but payment will not be required until the detailed arrangements under the War Damage Bill have been worked out.

This should be a useful arrangement, but not even the War Office can find enough soil to fill up some of the big craters. The earth seems to have been scattered around for a great distance, and it will be a big job some day to cart soil from somewhere else to fill up these craters firmly. Perhaps they will always remain as pock marks on the land, like the old chalk pits in the middle of fields.

It is not yet clear exactly how the provisions of the War Damage Bill will affect the many interests of farmers. It is known that there will be a compulsory contributory scheme of compensation for damage to buildings and other immovable property, and that so far as agriculture is concerned the rate of contribution will be 6d. in the £ on the net Schedule A value (or net rateable value) each year for five years. In addition, all movable assets or business undertakings will come under a compulsory insurance scheme. The premium will be 30s. per cent. But the details have yet to be thrashed out in Parliament. The Bill also provides for a voluntary insurance scheme for all personal chattels, and farmers can come in on this at the general rate. A point which is of special interest is that where the damaged property is urgently needed for essential purposes in war-time, compensation will be paid as the work of repair is carried out. This means that if a cowshed is destroyed by a bomb and it is clear that in the national interest the farm should continue to produce milk, the owner will be able to proceed with the rebuilding and get compensation promptly.

Lord Woolton has appointed a committee to examine the existing system of marketing fresh vegetables and advise as to what steps can be taken to ensure an equitable distribution when supplies are short and to ensure that the maximum quantity is put into human consumption when supplies are abundant. This is a troublesome problem, and it will be interesting to see the conclusion which this Committee reach. One practical point of immediate importance is the anomaly existing in some districts where there is a surplus of winter vegetables such as Brussels sprouts and carrots, and yet the military units there have to go short. There is obviously lack of co-ordination somewhere. What seems to be needed is organisation on the part of the local growers so that they can deal in bulk supplies with N.A.A.F.I., which does all the buying for the Army and Air Force. This problem is particularly acute along the South Coast, where many of the normal inhabitants have left and troops have taken their place. Soldiers in training in Bournemouth need fresh vegetables just as much as the peace-time inhabitants of the hotels that have been requisitioned. The vegetables are there grown in the neighbourhood, and it should not be too much for human ingenuity to devise means whereby local growers can find a market for their produce and the soldiers have the vegetables they want.

We can now buy cement and timber needed for farm repairs without going through all the formality of applying to the War Agricultural Committees for a certificate and the delay in waiting for the Ministry of Supply to release material. Small quantities of cement are wanted from time to time on most farms to make good ordinary wear and tear, and it has been a great nuisance not to be able to get these repairs done promptly. There is no question at the present time of farmers undertaking large-scale building such as the erecting of fattening houses for pigs, which need concrete floors, or new cow-houses, but there are small jobs continually cropping up for which cement is wanted. It will now be in order for farmers to get small quantities of timber up to £10 worth from their usual timber merchants in the ordinary way without making application to the Timber Control for a certificate. There is still a great deal of bother about getting supplies of wire netting, especially fine-mesh netting, needed for rabbit fencing.

CINCINNATUS.

CORRESPONDENCE

FURTHER LETTERS FROM BRITISH OFFICERS—PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—My husband and I are so grateful to you for printing in your splendid paper news of our prisoners of war. It is of enormous interest to thousands, I am sure. If you think the enclosed extracts from our son's letters would be helpful, please use them. He is Leigh Windsor, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal West Kents, and was taken prisoner on May 23rd.

Oflag VII C/H.

30-6-40. "Please write frequent short letters so that helps censoring."

13-8-40. "I received your first postcard, written June 23rd, on August 1st. It was a terrific thrill and one of the first home communications to be received in the camp."

20-8-40. "We are trying to run a sort of university in this camp. People give talks on anything they happen to know something about—anyway, there is something to listen to at most times of the day. The joy of getting a letter is enormous."

3-9-40. "I am trying to learn German and play bridge and a little chess."

17-9-40. "To-day we are eating the first Red Cross parcels received from England. Some private parcels of books arrived yesterday, so I am in hopes that those you sent and the clothes may be here soon. For exercise I walk round the camp grounds, rather like on board ship, and also to P.T. some mornings."

He has mentioned Colonel Nash, Geoffrey Barr, Peter Duncanson and Captain Stanyon among others.—M. MAY WINDSOR, *Westfield, Fenshurst, Kent.*

SIR,—My son is 2nd Lieut. Geoffrey E. Wood of the D.L.I.—second row, No. 12 (between the

Padre and the end officer). My most grateful thanks to you.—AMY H. WOOD, *The Garth, Hallgarth Street, Durham.*

SIR,—I send you the following extracts from letters dated June 15th–September 17th, from my son, 2nd Lieutenant S. C. T. E. Neale, Oflag VII C/H.

"This time I can write more. My first letters contained more about my wants than anything else, but you will perhaps forgive that! I was captured a few days before writing my first letter on June 15th, and observed that the Germans always treat their prisoners very well."

"I can't tell you the circumstances of my capture. I don't expect they will be told until after the war; still, I can say that we did our job and did it well, so have no regrets, and by doing our job the others were able to get home."

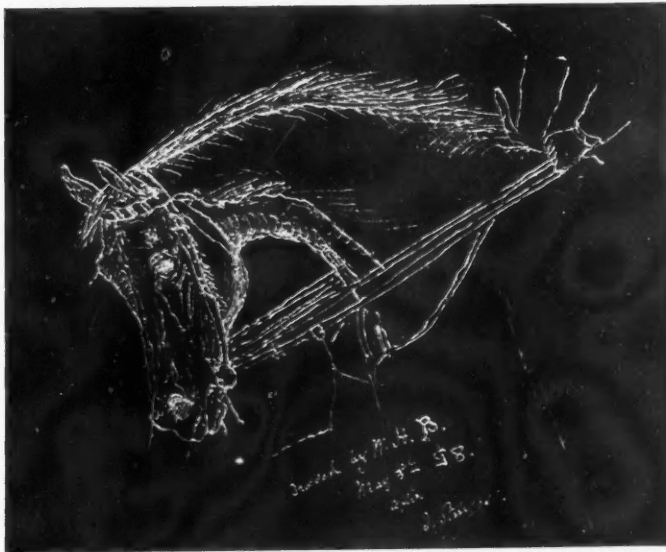
"I am fit and well, and apart from a few minor scratches am quite uninjured. We are well treated here and are quite a happy community, considering all, and with a little team spirit we manage to keep smiling. Don't worry about me; all I want is to hear from you. Please get your letters printed or typewritten. Quite a few other officers here have received letters and parcels from home, so I expect I shall be hearing from you soon, although I believe the post takes several weeks each way. I hear that there are technical difficulties in the post just now, so letters and parcels may be delayed, but I know that if there is any possible means of getting parcels through you will manage it. There may be certain restrictions; the Red Cross will be able to help. Cigarettes and chocolate most important. Give my love to all, and please write often."

—PHYLLIS ETHERIDGE, *The Talvins, Royston, Herts.*

DETMAR BLOW AND KING'S

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—The recent articles by Mr. Christopher Hussey on Detmar Blow's home at Hilles and his excellent restoration of Holcombe House have drawn attention to the loss sustained by architecture through the death of that fine artist. Your readers may be interested to see an actual example of his beautiful draughtsmanship as applied to one of his most important works in connection with an historic building: the decoration of the east end and the design of the altar of King's College, Cambridge. The work was done some years ago, but it was only a year ago that Mrs. Blow presented to the College her husband's great water-colour "project" for the alteration. It now hangs in a side-chapel adjoining the War Memorial Chapel, and beside it the visitor has for comparison the unsuccessful proposals in black and white by such famous architects of the past as Robert Adam, Burgess, T. L. Pearson and G. F. Bodley. Not



ENGRAVED ON A SHROPSHIRE STABLE WINDOW PANE, AFTER A DRAWING BY J. STURGESS

only does this magnificent picture overwhelm the earlier projects, but it makes one thankful that the work was reserved for so sympathetic an artist.—CURIOUS CROWE.

ON THE STABLE WINDOW

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—On our stable window is engraved a charming sketch of a horse's head. Despite all the hazards of brushes, broom-handles and other things that endanger glass in such a situation, it has been there for forty-three years, glittering gaily from its pane at all the horses that have come and gone. It was engraved by a Mr. Beech in 1898, after a drawing by J. Sturgess, and has the appearance of having been done with a diamond, but I am told he used an instrument of his own invention which he had patented. Possibly some reader of your paper may have heard of it.—FRANCES PITT, *Shropshire.*

THE RE-BUILDING OF COVENTRY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—May I be permitted to occupy yet more of your space in order to reply to the courteous "editorial" appended to my letter published in your issue of December 28th? I find it fascinating not only for the charm of its phrasing but for the perfect exhibition it affords of the working of the type of mind which seems to have designed the deplorable gardenless houses for the Coventry workers. There is the same total blindness to the fact that the working class house does not merely provide a *pied à terre* in town for people who will spend their week-ends destroying the homogeneity of some unlucky village, but is the home, day in day out, of people who must find their interests, their fresh air and their contacts with Nature where they live.

The editorial note assures me—and I agree—that we have "a great tradition to our hand in the terrace type of lay-out of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries," but the houses for Coventry are surely not in this category; they rather suggest the more permanent buildings of an exhibition or zoological gardens. That, I suppose, is in no way inherent in the war-time use of concrete? Of the "communal" life of the eighteenth century—as we use the word communal to-day—I am a little sceptical but surely the eighteenth-century terrace house generally had at least a back garden. While I agree that there is probably no better outside for an English town house, I should very much like some hint that our town-planners do not intend to adopt its interior arrangements also. These houses were designed at a time when service was cheap and plentiful and few ladies did any of their own housework; there was no attempt to make them easy to run and servants' quarters were deplorable. Very few people occupying such a house to-day—and we are told that we shall be poorer after the war—could afford (or find, perhaps) sufficient service to run it properly. Deep basements (to what use are they to be put?) and many stairs are almost inherent in the design; a lift for each house would be a prohibitive expense. If designed as flats, a lift to every so many houses and internal communicating corridors might remove that difficulty, but then they cease to be really houses, and the man of moderate means and his wife who are to have a house and long for a garden are not catered for. If the planners of our new towns can suggest nothing better than this and nothing more in keeping with the needs of town-dwellers, I am afraid that many of our people will still prefer the jerry-built suburbs, where at least they can have a house that it is practicable to work, and a garden of their own.—B. COURTEEN.



DETMAR BLOW'S PROJECT FOR THE TREATMENT OF THE EAST END OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE



A WINDMILL SAID TO BE DESIGNED BY
INIGO JONES

CHESTERTON MILL

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—At Chesterton in Warwickshire there was at one time a fine manor house designed by the famous architect Inigo Jones. On the slope of a hill near by there is a windmill arising from six arches, and below the pool a water-mill, both of which are thought to have also been designed by Inigo Jones.

In the time of the Romans this was no doubt an important place, for Chesterton is near the Fosse Way, the straightest of Roman roads, which led from Bath to Lincoln.—JESSIE EATON.

THE DIPPER'S THIRD EYELID

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In the "Handbook of British Birds" an interesting footnote appears on page 222 of Vol. II relating to the nictitating membrane or "third eyelid" of the dipper. Here it is noted that E. Eggebrecht "is convinced that under the term 'winking' two distinct actions have been confused; he maintains that the movement described by A. H. Cordier in his observations in *Cinclus mexicanus* is not the same thing as the 'nervous' blinking which accompanies the bobbing and is in fact, according to Eggebrecht, performed by the yellowish upper eyelid." It is stated that "The question whether this blinking is performed by the upper eyelid or by the so-called nictitating membrane or 'third eyelid' appears to be still a matter of controversy." I must confess that I find the whole question confusing.

After many attempts I think I have succeeded in obtaining close-up photographs of a young dipper and of its parent in the act of dipping and blinking. In both cases the eyelid can be seen to stand out distinctly from the eye and to be descending "almost vertically from above." Then this, I take it, must be "the yellowish upper eyelid," for in both cases these birds had become aware of my camera lens and were in fact slightly nervous, I think, though not unduly, as they stayed to dip and blink for several minutes.

This dipping and blinking may be associated with "tension" or "nerves" at times, but I have often watched dippers from a distance, through good field-glasses from a hidden position, when there was no hint of either. Never have I seen one awaken, or cease to preen and prepare to resume food-finding, without both dipping and blinking as a prelude to renewed activity. On one occasion in particular, I watched a dipper which was quite unconcerned with any thought of disturbance; in the intervals between resting and preening on a stone in mid-stream, this dipper both curtsied and blinked repeatedly. I counted the flashes of its white eyelid, so easily seen as it passes across the eye, and usually the count was from fifty-six to sixty-four blinks per minute, several times seventy-three, and once it put in seventy-five; not all of these were accompanied by bobbing.

Young dippers acquire this habit at an early age; the one shown in my photograph was still parent-fed; it had got as far as submerging its head, though not its body, in

search of its own food; like its parent, it dipped with a half-turn and blinked as it did so.

If, in addition to what I presume to be the yellowish eyelid (which to me appears white), the dipper has a nictitating membrane "white pigmented" observed by A. H. Cordier which descends "almost vertically from above" in the same way as the eyelid, one can only suppose that this membrane does not come into action until the bird is actually under water: for, when nervous or when undisturbed, when newly emerged from water or after twenty minutes of resting and preening on a stone, the whole series of dipper actions seems invariable and the eyelid appears identical under all circumstances.—CATHERINE M. CLARK.

SPARROWS AND CROCUSES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I wonder if any reader of COUNTRY LIFE can tell me how to prevent sparrows from eating crocus flowers and almond blossom. Every year my garden suffers in this way, and this year I want to take steps in time. I have tried protecting my crocuses with black thread: this is effective as far as it goes, but cannot easily be done on a large scale. I heard some years ago of a chemical treatment for them. Can anyone tell me what it consists of?—H. F. C.

[So far as we know there is no chemical that can be employed to safeguard crocus from the attacks of sparrows. Black cotton



THE YOUNG DIPPER DIPPING AND
BLINKING

threaded across the drifts, although unsightly, is the only effective deterrent. We would point out that only the yellow varieties of crocus, such as Cloth of Gold, are subject to attack, the bright colour being the attraction. The white and purple kinds are immune.—ED.]

KINDLING THE LOG

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In reading E. R. Yarham's attractive article on wood fires in your issue of December 14th, I am reminded of the enthusiasm of a friend who, owing to the ravages of severe gales, was accidentally supplied with pieces of her Chile pine, or "monkey-puzzle," for kindling. Her praise of the heat, brilliance and delicious odour provided by this wood was unstinted. I have not tried it myself, but was glad to know that a tree in life so unsightly and out of tune with the character of English landscape everywhere—in my opinion the only ugly tree we have—should disclose such amiable virtues in death.—DOROTHY BOWERS.

A DOG WITH A WEAK HEART

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—My sister owns a Lakeland terrier, by far the most energetic and lively dog we have ever known, and remarkably intelligent withal. When aged between four and five years he developed a peculiarity. For no apparent reason he would rush to his owner, looking most pathetic, scramble on to her knee and growl and snap at anyone else who came near or attempted to touch him. This happened several times; and then we noticed that it was generally after chasing a rabbit, or suffering some such excitement as would result from a skirmish with another dog. Later he became worse and would stagger about, and hump up his back as though afflicted with cramp, and his eyes would appear dull and unseeing. These attacks lasted about half an hour, and had we not called in a veterinary surgeon, who diagnosed as his trouble a weak heart, it is likely that his fits of apparent bad temper would have been misunderstood. No doubt when he growled and snapped he was in pain and only wishful to be left quiet. This experience confirms the opinion sometimes expressed that dogs are subject to weakness of the heart if pressed to run or even walk very fast for long stretches with horse or cycle. Normally, when a dog races about on his own initiative he lies down and drinks frequently, and so allows the heart, which beats rapidly, to rest and recover.

In the case of our Lakeland terrier, he was so clever at jumping to a height of four or five feet and catching in mid-air a ball or stick thrown up, that he was, I am afraid, encouraged to show off; and as he was always keen to perform, he must have exhausted himself unduly, especially when playing with children, who, naturally, had no idea when it was expedient to stop this game, so fascinating to both sides.

I enclose a photograph which shows another of his accomplishments, and portrays his neat and perfect position when diving from the end of a landing-stage to retrieve a stick thrown into the water. This shows how keen and strong he was before his heart was over-strained. Fortunately, after a year's course of medicine, administered for several days once a month, he practically recovered, though we take care not to allow too much exertion; fell-walking is banned. Jumping for a ball even now will bring on an attack very quickly. I think smallish dogs such as this can do much less walking than a man.—H.C.



A LAKELAND TERRIER'S DIVE. SHUTTER SPEED OF CAMERA 1/1000 OF A SECOND

WRY NECKS

LONG before he died the golfing world was full of John Ball stories; he had become in his lifetime a figure of legend. Now that he is dead golfers have ransacked their memories, fondly to recall something that he said or did, and several of them have told me their stories in letters. Here is one which I like particularly, only a very little one, but it illustrates both his rather stern and conservative outlook on the game and his habit of having sly digs at his adversaries. It comes from an old friend of mine who used to play a good many rounds with Mr. Ball at Harlech in 1913, the year after he had won the last of his eight championships at Westward Ho! This friend can, alas, play golf no longer, but even so he says that he "hesitates to write the fatal word socket." Being in dread of that ghastly affliction not to be named, he had a mashie with an exceedingly wry neck, and, having to play a pitch "over the then formidable sleeper chasm in front of the seventeenth green," took it out of his bag. When he had played the shot Mr. Ball silently held out his hand for the club, took it, cast one withering glance at it, and handed it back with the words: "That's the sort of club I should like to see barred. If you can't play with the proper tools why not learn?"

My friend was afraid of socketing, but he was still more afraid of august disapproval, so he never used the club again and put it away in his locker, where it came to what Mr. Ball would have thought its appropriate end in a club-house fire. Let us hope that his socketing was frightened away for ever, even as Jack Mytton's hiccup was frightened away by his setting alight to his nightgown. I myself feel a moment's retrospective tremor in recalling that I had both a mashie and a mashie-niblick with distorted necks when I played my last game with the great man, at Hoylake in 1924. Perhaps he did not notice, though he had a most observant eye, or perhaps he did not think it right to abuse me, since we were playing in a real match, between the Royal Liverpool and the Society. At any rate, I escaped, and I cannot help thinking that he was just a little hard, though doubtless in the most disarming manner, on my poor friend. It is all very well to tell people to learn, but a socketer in the

throes of his hideous ailment is past all teaching. Prayer is for the moment his only hope, and a club without a socket is better still. By the way, I have just remembered with great joy that I possess a treasure at home, a club that was once Mr. Ball's, and it has a wry neck; but I must add that it is no form of pitching club, but a Park's putter, which even the most conservative will permit.

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

There seems some little unfairness about this. Herbert Pocket (in "Great Expectations") remarked to Pip that "it is indisputable that while you cannot possibly be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew." So you may be a pillar of orthodoxy and an upholder of the "best traditions of the game" and yet have a putter with a crooked neck, but you are, even to-day, a little suspect if the necks of your irons are similarly bent. Here is an inequality which ought to make truly democratic blood boil. It must in fairness be added that this prejudice against "kinks" is not what it once was, although necks have got not less but, if anything, more wry than they used to be. The first clubs, which the late Mr. Frank Fairlie invented for a remedy against the sin of socketing had not in fact got bent necks; but they were rather ugly and clumsy in appearance because the head was, so to speak, set in front of the rose. George Low of St. Anne's improved on the Fairlie pattern in so far as his iron heads were smaller and neater in appearance. I possessed a cleek of his which, no doubt with an owner's partiality, I thought almost pretty, and, by the way, long before I possessed it I had publicly used something far more unorthodox. I have told before how my Uncle Horace, a distinguished maker of scientific instruments but no golfer, made an aluminium cleek, on the croquet mallet principle, with the shaft running into

the middle of the head; further, that, with what Mrs. Gamp would have called "bragian" boldness, I used it in an Inter-University match.

This is, however, to meander. It was that admirable golfer, the late Mr. G. F. Smith of Formby, who devised the important alteration to these anti-socket clubs by giving them bent necks. His irons, which I think he made himself—at any rate, they were forged under his eye—were extremely tortuous as to the neck and looked rather like corkscrews, with a dash of some gigantic dentist's instruments such as might be seen in a nightmare. They had, however, this great advantage, that the player no longer felt that the head was in front of the shaft; the crook in the neck brought it back to the proper place. Mr. Smith played extremely well with those clubs, and from that moment all crook-necked irons were, I think, made on his principle. They have grown more elegant to-day and less pronouncedly eccentric in aspect, but they are his clubs. *Exegit monumentum.*

The virtue of such clubs lies not so much in preventing us from socketing (I have accomplished that supposedly impossible feat with one of them) as in inducing us to believe that we shall not socket, so that we swing the club freely and without fear. A socket is rather like a "boo" in that oldest of golfing stories, wherein A challenged B to a match on the terms that just once in the round he might suddenly say "Boo." As is well known, the fatal monosyllable was never uttered; it was sufficient to creep up behind the victim with the air of one *booiturus*, about to boo. Similarly we may, when afflicted, go through a whole round without a single shot hit towards point, but the thought that we can do such a thing plays the deuce with our mashie shots. Personally I have for some years now given up my old clubs with their crooked necks. So I can, like Mr. Micawber, stand erect before my fellow man and punch his head if he offends me. Nor am I, touching wood, nowadays at all afraid, but should this hubristic remark ever be followed by a severe attack I should have no hesitation in reverting. Whether all is or is not fair in love and war, it certainly is in socketing.

THE BLOODSTOCK WORLD

JUST now the future of the British bloodstock industry may to some seem an extraordinary subject to spend much time or space upon debating. If they, and others, would realise once and for all that the thoroughbred horse is one of Britain's most treasured possessions; that his super-excellence is recognised in every corner of the globe; that in his very existence lies one of the biggest industries of the land, and that in it millions of pounds are invested, and through it thousands of men are employed, then, but not until then, will they understand the vital necessity for its continuance and the hopeless stupidity of any narrow-minded hindrance.

That ends the preamble or, if preferable, the preface, and facts have now to be faced. For eleven long and weary months of the year that has just gone out unmourned, everyone connected with the bloodstock world lived in a state of gloom and uncertainty; race fixtures were arranged only to be abandoned; sales, if they did not meet with the same fate, were but travesties of an auction, and death, as apart from the tragedies of war, seemingly took more than its usual share of breeders and other enthusiasts, so that Lord Rosebery seemed justified when, at the annual meeting of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, he said: "I am afraid there is little that one can say that is not exceedingly gloomy to the breeders of the thoroughbred." The qualification to the word "justified" is used purposely.

Lord Rosebery's speech was probably prepared, and was most certainly delivered, before the results of the December Sales were known; had they been available, he, like everyone else, would probably have experienced a feeling of optimism and have voiced it as, with the market as good as it was, there cannot

be much wrong with the industry behind it. Those December Sales, held as they usually are in the last month of the year, were in themselves sufficient to dispel the eleven months' gloom that immediately preceded them, even though the resultant figures have been detrimentally dissected by a few lay writers who specialise in the art but do not realise that it was an unique auction, and either forget or do not know that for 346 lots of the 369 offered to change hands is very nearly, if not quite, a record even for Messrs. Tattersall. To attempt a comparison with the last pre-war auction of 1938 is merely an admission of ignorance, as at that sale German, Italian, Hungarian, French, Dutch and other foreigners disbursed well over 33,000gs. of the returned total.

Further reference to Lord Rosebery's speech, which came as a second ray of sunshine in the final month, seems unnecessary, as all who heard it, and the many more who read it, recognised that it was a clear exposition of a difficult problem given by a man whose heart and soul is in the industry.

And now the time has come to look forward into 1941, and part at least of the racing possibilities of this year has been revealed by the proposal of Lord Harewood, the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, and the agreement of the members of that Club, that all the fixtures already arranged for the year and the races which have closed for it, shall be abandoned and new fixtures and new races introduced. At a first glance this may seem a very, very drastic resolution in regard to fixtures, and may, as Lord Harewood suggested in his introductory explanation, cause a feeling of despondency in racing circles. On closer examination, however, it will be realised that it is one of the wisest moves that have been suggested to, and

accepted by, the ruling body, for the very simple reason that owners, breeders, trainers, jockeys and others interested, in place of being faced with a list of venues the great majority of which are known at the moment not to be available for racing, will be given a possibly restricted calendar that, all going well, is certain of completion. Naturally, this must lead to something approaching centralisation, and though this word is anathema to some supporters of the racing world, the present time is an opportune one in which to try it out, as, in the opinion of many who should know, such a procedure would, by lowering expenses, lead to an automatic increase in prize-money and a wider and more general interest in ownership and the sport.

The cancellation of the races that have closed and the opening of new ones, especially when these events are such historic ones, as, for instance, the Derby and the Oaks, is another matter. For generations now the entries for these two particular races have closed in the November or, in the case of the 1941 events, the December of the entrant's yearling days, and so long before any real idea of his or her worth, or otherwise, could be ascertained. That method has stood the test of time, but now the owners who were sporting enough to enter their unknown youngsters, or others who have purchased candidates, are faced with the fact that, with the original event cancelled and a new one introduced, they may, as happened last year, come up against and be beaten by candidates who would not have been eligible to run but for the exigencies of the war. With ordinary events such a procedure would not matter, but with the classics it seems a pity that, as was done in 1915, the entry should not have been confined to animals who were entered in the original races. ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FIRST AUCTION OF THE YEAR

IT is encouraging to find the first auction of the year, and that an important one, already fixed. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons will, at Guildford on January 14th, submit the Blackdown estate, Fernhurst, in many lots. Even more the fact that since the particulars were drafted about half the fifty-eight lots have been privately sold.

The estate was recently sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The house, of the Elizabethan period, was, for many years and until lately, the home of Sir Elliot Philipson-Stow, Bt. It is of stone, and the porch bears the date 1640. Oliver Cromwell stayed at Blackdown House for a while during the Civil War, and one of the bedrooms is still shown as that in which he slept. The old hall is a fine feature of the house, and there are a quantity of grand old panelling, carved oak mantels, doors and other ornamental work, as well as fireplaces bearing the date of their making. Among the lots at present awaiting sale are farms of from 40 acres to 144 acres, Wades Marsh cottage and ponds, and some first-rate residential sites, as well as properties on Quell Wood Common and Windfallwood Common. Owing to requisitioning, the house will not at once be available.

AMENITIES OF ETON

THE manor of Eton has (says a local correspondent) been purchased by the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, to safeguard the amenities of a large tract between Maidenhead and Eton. The fund used was a legacy from the late Sir Sidney Herbert, M.P.

Fairhaven, a fine old-fashioned house with a secondary residence and approximately 110 acres, at Oaksey, near Malmesbury, has been sold through the agency of Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

Since the auction, Messrs. Holloway, Price and Co. have sold Beauchamp Grange, Kibworth, near Market Harborough, an estate of 135 acres, in the Fenne country.

The brief note accompanying the picture, on December 21st, of Somersbury Manor, Ewhurst, may be supplemented by mention of the fact that there are 50 acres around the old house, which is reputed to have been a hunting-box of Henry II. Mr. Jack Barclay, the vendor, has spent a large sum in modernising and improving the house. It is of herringbone brickwork and half-timbering, and is eleven miles from Guildford, in the midst of delightful scenery on the southern slope of Leith Hill. In 1216 Henry II granted the manor to Henry of Somersbury, who gave his name to it, and in 1445, after its forfeiture to the Crown, John Lord Audley, received a grant of the manor. Henry VII enlarged the house and conferred the manor with other land on Thomas Salter, whose continued tenure depended on his presenting the King with a red rose once a year. Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices are to sell Somersbury Manor.

CONTINUED DEMAND FOR FARMS

AT an overcrowded auction in Crewe, a few days ago, Messrs. Henry Manley and Sons sold Cheshire farms at remarkably high prices. Lower Elms Farm, 56 acres at Minshull Vernon (offered on behalf of Mr. R. C. Charlesworth, who has bought a larger farm), evoked an opening bid of £3,000, and it changed hands at £4,780—or £85 10s. an acre. Lightwood Farm, 94 acres at Somerford, near Congleton, was sold after keen competition, for £3,600.

Messrs. Fox and Sons, writing from their Brighton office, ask us to make the following announcement: "Owing to the serious effect of the Defence Regulations on businesses on the sea front at Brighton, Messrs. Fox and Sons have closed their office at 134, King's Road, and have purchased the practice of Messrs. Sang and Leonard of 117, Western Road, Brighton, to which office they have removed. The practice of Messrs. Sang and Leonard has been established about seventy-five years, and the combined businesses will be carried on as Sang and Leonard and Fox and Sons, in conjunction with their Head Office in Bournemouth

and their numerous branches in that town and in Southampton."

ASHE WARREN SOLD

TO follow upon the recent announcement by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons of their sale of the Craddock House estate, Devonshire

Richard Cartwright in Charles II's reign and added to from designs by Sir John Soane. It is to be hoped that the new owner of the estate will give as much care to the amenities of the charming village as have the Cartwrights. With its golden stone houses and carefully tended gardens, Aynho has long been a pleasure to all who passed through or lingered there.

A REFUGE OF FRIENDS

KING JOHN'S FARM, a freehold of 7 acres at Chorley Wood, has been sold by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co.'s Dover Street, Piccadilly, office, on behalf of the late Hon. A. A. Capel's trustees. The house has been greatly changed in recent times, but the drawing-room and bedrooms above it, as well as some of the exterior plasterwork, are said to be as they were in the seventeenth century. In the diary of Rebekah Butterfield (1671-72) is an entry: "Our Friend William Penn of Walthamstow in ye county of Essex and Gulielma Maria Springett of Tilerend Green in ye parish of Penn in ye county of Bucks . . . took each other in Marriage at Chorlewood at a Farmhouse called Kings where Friends Meeting was then

kept, being in ye Parish of Rickmansworth." So many enquiries were received after an allusion to Rebekah Butterfield's diary some months ago, when King John's Farm was for sale, that it is well to recommend any who are interested in the Diary to apply to the Friends' Meeting House (Euston Road, N.W.1) for information regarding it. One or two enquirers even seemed to be under the impression that the Diary was itself in the market!

On behalf of Mr. E. Hubert Foster, Messrs. Simmons and Sons and Messrs. Constable and Maude have just sold an important property in Berkshire, known as Lower Bowden, near Pangbourne. It includes one of the lesser county seats of Berkshire, and over 400 acres.

Messrs. Young and Howes report a successful sale of property at Bristol, of a small estate known as Grovesend, Thornbury, including residence, farm buildings and a total area of 25 acres, described as Lot 1, and cottage and garden at Grovesend, Thornbury, Lot 2. Both lots were offered together, and biddings quickly advanced from a start of £2,000 to £3,500, at which the property was sold to Mr. W. J. Atley, with timber £75 extra. The solicitors on behalf of Mrs. Giles, the vendor, were Messrs. Sinnott and Co. (Bristol).

OVERLOOKING CADER IDRIS

THE freehold estate of Bryntirion, at Bontddu, Dolgelly, with 270 acres, is to be sold privately, and the agents are Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property, in one of the loveliest positions in the country, faces south and it overlooks and adjoins Barmouth estuary and the River Mawddach, and has some of the finest views in Britain across the broad water to the wooded foothills and heights of the Cader Idris range. The residence, solidly built of stone with slate roof, contains spacious, well proportioned reception-rooms. There are two secondary residences, a fully licensed "free" hotel, a home farm, and fifteen cottages. The gardens and grounds are laid out in a series of slopes and terraces, facing full south and shaded by specimen trees, with a terrace walk overlooking the estuary, and kitchen and fruit gardens. A path leads to a landing-stage and 100 acres of woodland.

Mr. Percy J. Edwards, secretary of the Chadwick Trust, informs us that that body has decided to give two prizes, one of £100 and the other of £50, for essays "on the construction and management of air-raid shelters with special reference to ventilation, heating, sanitation and sleeping accommodation." In the matter of heating, it may be useful to point out that grave danger is incurred by one method which holders of small shelters have adopted, namely, running a wire from the house electricity service into the shelter to heat a small stove. Only by the proper installation of a suitable transformer, and the use of properly insulated cable, can risk be eliminated.

ARBITER.



THE CARTWRIGHT ARMS AT AYNHO

(in conjunction with Messrs. J. and H. Drew), they now announce the sale of another landed property of some interest, namely, the Ashe Warren estate, at Overton in Hampshire, over 700 acres. The property has considerable literary and historical associations, Jane Austen having been closely associated with the district; the grandfather of Mary Russell Mitford was Rector of Ashe. It is believed that the present house was erected by a member of the Portal family in the eighteenth century, and enlarged by the Hon. Henry Stanhope. Of the farmhouses on the property, two are of much interest, the occupiers of one being traced back to the reign of William and Mary, and the history of the other one, formerly a manor house, traced back to 1600.

BUYERS ON THE ALERT

AUCTIONS of farms at the end of the year were all well attended, and, though once or twice the wail of distant sirens sounded an alert, it made no difference to the alertness of those who had come to bid, and the fall of the hammer signified an acceptable all clear of the agent's particulars.

Lancashire sales included Forest Fold Farm, just over 100 acres at Shevington, near Wigan, for which Messrs. E. G. Hothersall and Sons, Limited, accepted an offer of £2,775.

Messrs. F. L. Hunt and Sons, at Somerton, sold 68 acres of arable in Compton Duntun, in lots, for a total of £3,265; 29 acres of pasture at Street, for £1,500; and nearly £2,000 worth of other Somerset land.

Warwickshire farms found eager purchasers, at Coventry, under the hammer of Mr. Edgar Whittingdale, who acted, as to certain holdings, in conjunction with Messrs. Fred Billing and Son, the aggregate realisations being approximately £8,000.

Among sales of Shropshire freehold property may be mentioned that by Messrs. Barber and Son, at Market Drayton, of Elvaston House Farm, Little Bolas, 152 acres, for £7,100, with the advantage of immediate possession.

AYNHO LAND SOLD

ONE of the most notable events of the year in the Estate Market has been the sale to a single purchaser of the whole of the Aynho estate in Northamptonshire by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. It comprises some 4,000 acres, with thirteen farms, besides the whole picturesque village. The fact that the estate has passed as a whole, instead of being sold in lots as had been expected, is both satisfactory and reassuring. The excellence of sound agricultural land as an investment has been consistently advocated in these notes, particularly during the past few years, and such transactions as this and the recent purchase of Foremark estate in Derbyshire, confirm the fact. Mr. R. F. W. Cartwright, the vendor, is retaining possession of Aynho Park, the family's home, built by his ancestor

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NOTES FROM TOWN

NEW WAYS WITH FUR ON COATS

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

ONE might have thought that years ago all the ways in which fur could be used as a trimming on a winter coat would have been exploited, but that seems to be by no means the case. One is constantly seeing an amusing breast-plate effect, or fur pockets in some fresh place, and particularly of the moment is the little fur bolero which, charming as it is to look at, has also the merit of giving extra warmth across the shoulders, just where a great many people feel the cold. The example illustrated on this page comes from Margaret Marks (Knightsbridge, S.W.1), and the brown fur posed on a very nice fancy woollen material in a good shade of green, neither too dim nor too bright, has an effect of cosy smartness which it would be hard to improve upon. As the illustration shows, the coat is very practical as well as very pretty, and the fullness of the skirt at the hem is just right with the bolero. I feel that the same scheme in bright red cloth with black caracul, or in Air Force blue with grey squirrel, would

be equally attractive, though the green is perhaps a little more uncommon.

JUST THE RIGHT HAT

Just the right hat is, as we all know, a matter of the utmost importance, particularly with a rather striking garment such as this Margaret Marks coat. Luckily, a fur hat to accompany it has been designed by its maker, and very becoming it is with its raised left side and pleasant mingling of the green and brown of the coat. Fur hats can do no wrong this winter. They range from tiny Victorian pork-pies, set well over the forehead, to towering Cossack caps, and even to shapes something like a cross between a sailor's cap and a tam-o'-shanter, with the widest part raised well above the face and edged with fur. To my mind, the really simple round version, perhaps what one might call the Canadian fur cap, large enough to be warm on the head and not very high, is the nicest and most universally becoming, perhaps because it is the most practical. After



A GREEN FELT HAT DESIGNED AS A SECOND CHOICE TO ACCOMPANY THE COAT SHOWN BELOW

all, a hat in fur, so small that it merely covers one eyebrow and must be held on with a veil or a bandeau is a little ridiculous.

THE VALUE OF CHANGE

I am very nearly sure that one of the great recommendations of fashion is the fact that it changes. Men have been heard to inveigh against that, but every woman knows that monotony in dress has a most soul-destroying effect and inclines one to indifference and dullness, which are then all too often reflected in bearing, expression, and even outlook on life. A great many of us are refusing to spend much on clothes this year, but that is no reason for their being monotonous. A very little thought and a very little expenditure will achieve plenty of change. As an instance, look at the felt hat shown in the smaller photograph. This, again, is from Margaret Marks, and it is carried out in exactly the same shade of green as the coat with the bolero. Any woman who invested in the two hats and one coat would be able to give herself an entirely different air, according to which hat she wore; there are chilly days when the little fur cap would be ideal, making one feel obviously cosy and comfortable, and others when the brim of the felt slightly shading the eyes would be far more becoming, while its more sophisticated line chimed in with a more thoughtful mood. *A propos* this idea of change, black coats give an excellent opportunity for effecting it by having even two or three hats, and etceteras, to go with them, and the green felt shown here would look as well with a black coat, or with a coat and skirt with which it matched or contrasted, as with the coat for which it was designed.

OATMEAL PANCAKES

A vegetarian made me the present this week of another way of using oatmeal, a thing which it will be very wise for us all to do and in the interests of the whole community. My friend's recipe was to soak a pound of oatmeal for three hours, then add salt, four finely chopped onions and four teaspoonfuls of tomato purée; soak for another two hours, form into small pancakes, and fry very slowly in very hot fat. This sounds good—if you can get the onions—but I was more interested in it as a suggestion for other uses. Similar savoury pancakes might be made, using celery instead of onion, or by adding spinach instead of tomato. To make a supper dish the pancakes could be left plain, and a little cold meat, finely minced, seasoned and heated, could be folded into each. On the other hand, the addition of a little sugar and chopped crystallised ginger—and chopped walnuts if they could be found—or raisins or currants, would make them into a pleasant sweet to be served with a treacle and ginger or jam sauce or custard.



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SOLUTION to No. 570

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of December 28th, will be announced next week.

GOLDENOPINIONS
ROAAR
LANDAU REVIVAL
HTOOGAAAEV
ODINPHILISTINE
LORRTYCNR
LANCE ESPOUSAL
YCCOWETI
BELGRAVE IBSEN
EIEEIAAI
RESTAURANT AVON
RTTLMMING
INSPIRE AMAZON
EVAATIUK
STATE OF DENMARK

ACROSS.

- A forester comes out of wan mood (7)
- Consumers who do so are, on the contrary, doing a service nowadays (two words, 3, 4, or one word, 7)
- A typical man of the soil (two words 6, 5)
- The jockey in relationship to his mount (4)
- "She smiled, she went up through the — in the bay. Children dear, was it yesterday?" — Arnold (4)
- It should not weigh heavily on a chemist's conscience (7)
- In a Lowland town you may recognise the capital of Caithness (6)
- "Starve" (anagr.) (6)
- To come out of one does not necessarily mean going off the rails (6)
- Is it given as despatched? (6)
- Undo an act (6)
- Rely on a distinguished artist, but not often (6)
- "Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain, To thy high — become a sod." — Keats (7)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 571

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 571, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Friday, January 10th, 1941.**

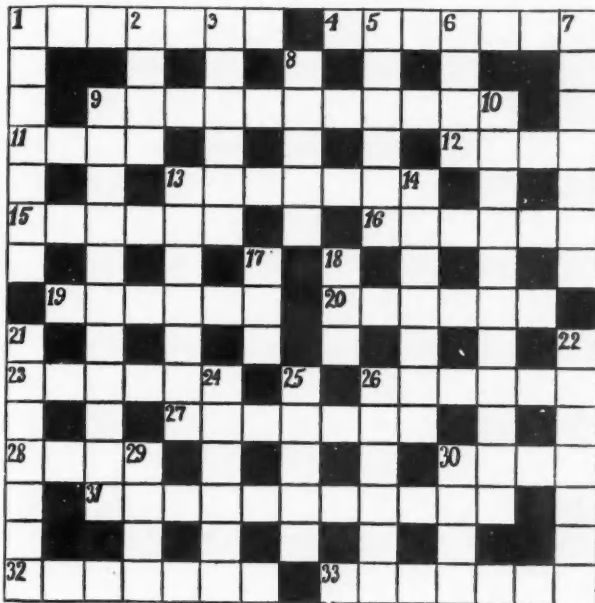
The winners of Crosswords No. 568 and 569 are Cadet I. D. Davies (Royal Artillery) (Home address) "Woodcroft," West Cross, Swansea, Glamorgan; Miss A. Faire, "One Ash," Nr. Loughborough.

- Twilight time (4)
- Sharp (4)
- It might suggest that there is a leak in the national finances (two words, 7, 4)
- Stretches (7)
- Eve's rig has a sorrowful look when changed (7)

DOWN.

- As opposed to the iron that is cast (7)
- A very reverend person (4)
- He gave his name to a famous club (6)
- The flower, not the whirlpool (6)
- Eels get mixed up in the bottom of the glass (4)
- His elf's make-up is not that of an altruist (7)
- An interpreter of dreams (5)
- What the sentry said is an infringement of the Rugby rules (two words, 7, 4)
- Raised or laid down arms? (11)
- The ship that may take him to a university (7)
- What Worcestershire contributed to our first parents' breakfast? (7)
- 17 and 18. Read upwards it is advice to a friend to marry. Otherwise seen on a cow (6)
- To put on a play in favour of Mussolini? (7)
- These young birds seem to have the means of catching fish at their tails (7)
- Let the water in (6)
- How a poet is consumed? (6)
- A coat designed to be taken in or let out? (6)
- Archaic cows (4)
- Anagram of 30 across (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 571



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Scotland—continued.

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